

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Cook before you love

A short story by
**JOSEPH W.
HOTCHKISS**

THE headlights nibbled away at the night. With dogged determination Larry Enby maintained the thirty-mile speed limit advised by the dealer who had sold him the new car.

Larry had picked up the maroon roadster that afternoon; he had dined with his sister and her husband, and was now on his way home.

How singularly pleasant, he thought: a moonlight night, a little-travelled well-maintained road, and nothing—like a silly girl—beside him to interrupt his thoughts of an improved refrigerating system.

As anchor man of a new firm dealing in frozen goods, Larry was entitled to have his name of the door, to use the senior secretary,

and to put up the major share of the firm's capital. All of which he found to be a happy arrangement, giving him plenty of time to work out the details of his plan for the revolutionisation of the industry.

Larry concentrated on the antic performance of the two sets of headlights coming towards him. Usually he would have thought nothing of the second car's darting attempts to pass the first, more than, "Another reckless fool." To-night, however, he was taking no chances with the new car. He pulled off on the shoulder of the road and waited for both cars to pass him.

The first car was abreast of him now, the second following too close. Suddenly Larry saw that the driver had lost control—that only by a miracle could he avoid crashing into one or the other; the car he was attempting to overtake, or Larry's own.

Closing his eyes, Larry gripped the wheel. There was a slight impact, a terrible screaming sound of tearing steel, the high-pitched shriek of gripping tyres, then silence.

Stunned, Larry sat at the wheel, unable for the instant to act, even to look.

"You're all right? You are all right. Oh, thank Heaven!"

He opened his eyes. At the window by his side stood a girl. Light, wind-blown hair, quivering lips and blue eyes that searched his face anxiously—they all added up to a beautiful girl.

Without speaking, he opened the door and stepped out on the pavement. His rear mud-guard was ripped half off. The other car was pulled off on the other side of the road.

He turned to the girl. "You weren't driving?"

She shook her head. "Here he comes now. Tom—" she called.

The young man crossing the road weaved slightly. He was, Larry saw, perhaps a couple of years younger than himself. His eyes were somewhat glassy, but his voice was not unpleasant.

"My fault. Entirely." He looked at Larry's car. "A new car, too. You must be ready to throw the book at me."

"It's not a question of throwing the book," he said. "But this will have to be reported to the police and the insurance company. There's nothing I can do about that."

"But," the girl said suddenly, "there is something you could do."

Larry steeled himself. She went on rapidly, urgently. "I know I shouldn't even suggest it, but you could just not report the accident. We would take care of your damages; of course. This would be such a spot on Tom's record, and up to now it's been a good one."

"Your husband seems to be the caveman type," Larry said, looking at Ann thoughtfully

"Ann," the other man said sharply, "that's out of the question. It was my fault."

Larry liked that. Later, he tried to tell himself that was what persuaded him. Whatever it was, the next minutes were ones of feverish haste. Once he had decided to become a partner in this crime, he had no more desire than they to have the police happen along.

He copied the information from the licence. The car was in the name of Mrs. Ann Wellor. That would be the girl. He wrote his own name on a page of his notebook, tore it out, and handed it to the girl.

"My business address."

She took it. "I don't think I have to tell you what this means to us," she said.

She's too good for him, Larry thought.

Limping along home, Larry thought about Ann Wellor.

He couldn't remember ever before having been so struck, so taken in quite the same way, by a girl.

Her attraction for him was not based alone on the obvious fact of her beauty, but also on the intangibles of character which in ten crowded minutes he could not possibly have discovered. Yet he was not guessing about their existence. He knew them to be there.

After all these years comes out of the blue a girl who sets little wheels in motion in his brain. And she's married. "The luck of the Enbys," he muttered.

In verifying his luck, Larry was not being quite fair. Luck, chance, fate actually had put in his path a great many girls, any one of whom would have been glad to flash his ring on her finger. Too many. Too willing. He had lost interest in girls.

His mother and sister despaired of him; his partners chided him; the only one who thoroughly approved of his bachelor ways was Miss Potter, the senior secretary, who sighed ecstatically, and said she liked to see a young man with a serious turn of mind.

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HE would ask for a rough estimate of the cost of the repair job, Larry decided. Tom Wellorly might call to-morrow to inquire—or Ann.

The next morning at breakfast his mother looked him over critically.

"Smashing up perfectly good new cars seems to agree with you, Lawrence. You look surprisingly well this morning," she said.

Accustomed to his mother's teasing, Larry bridled on cue. "I was side-swiped," he said with dignity.

"Oh! Well, I hope you notified the police at once. Do you have to return to testify against the other driver?"

"No," Larry said. "In fact, Mother, there wasn't any official report. You see . . ."

His mother did not see. "Of course, you realise," she said coldly, "that you have allowed these people to make a fool of you. The young man was inebriated last night. This morning he will be sober. You will have no possible grounds to sustain any claim you may make for damages."

She added, in deeper concern: "They might even bring action against you for any real or alleged damage their car might have suffered."

Larry banged down his coffee cup and rose abruptly. "Just what do you know about the people involved?" His fervor was not self-defence. He was seeing the girl clearly, and the vision made him close the front door with a slam.

As usual, Larry was the first of the three partners to arrive at the office. At eleven o'clock he was deep in the intricacies of a formula when Miss Potter, the senior secretary, knocked and announced that there was a lady who wished to see him on a personal matter.

"Who? . . . What?" He had missed not only his secretary's words, but also the strong note of disapproval in her voice.

He looked up. It wasn't Miss Potter who stood in the door.

"Mr. Enby," the girl said, "I hope I'm not interrupting."

He stared for a moment, then jumped to his feet.

"Ann Wellorly," the girl said, smiling at his confusion.

"But of course," Larry said. "Do sit down."

"I won't stay a minute . . ."

"Please do. I'm doing nothing, doodling," he laughed.

"Doodling, indeed," thought Miss Potter, who had been hovering near the door. Was something happening to her favorite executive?

"I came to thank you for what you did last night," Ann said. She was sitting stiffly on the edge of the chair.

Larry tried to speak casually. "They promised my car for Saturday, so you see it was really no inconvenience at all. I shouldn't have used it till then, anyway."

"There was another thing Tom wanted me to ask," Ann flushed a little. "About the repairs. I mean if you had any idea what it would come to."

"Of course," Larry stopped her. The figure he named was below the one the garage had quoted.

She showed her relief. "Oh, I'm so glad it's not to be more. I had no idea what it might be, and Tom was afraid it might be quite steep, labor and parts being what they are."

She rose to leave. "Please don't go," Larry stopped her impulsively.

Then, as he fumbled for words, he realised that she was looking at a nautical print on the wall, and he asked quickly, "Do you sail?"

She shook her head. "I never liked it, and I haven't even the excuse of getting seasick. It's always either too windy and wet, or too flat."

Larry laughed. This was good. He could never consider any girl who didn't take to the water. He

Look Before You Love

Continued from page 3

tried to think of what other field of incompatibility he might be able to discover.

"I gather dancing is more along your lines," he said, and her eyes brightened.

"I love dancing," she said. "Do you?"

The thought of holding Ann in his arms made dancing, which he loathed, suddenly appear a most agreeable pastime. He compromised.

"It depends."

"On the tune?"

"No. On the girl," he answered truthfully.

A gentle knock sounded on the door.

"Mrs. Enby telephoned," Miss Potter said, standing primly in the doorway, a stenographer's notebook in her clasped hands. "I told her you were engaged," — she looked meaningfully at Ann — "and would call back when you were free."

"Oh, dear," Ann arose. "I have stayed too long. I know you are busy. By the way, Tom said this morning that an army pal of his used to speak of you, Bob Murray."

Murray was an old schoolmate whom Larry ran into infrequently around town.

"Nothing too bad, I hope," Larry said.

Ann said seriously, "I hardly think so. And after last night, Mr. Enby, you don't have to worry about your reputation with us."

After she had left, Larry stood at the window looking out. Facing it

"Men who do not make advances to women are apt to become victims to women who make advances to them."

—Walter Bagehot.

squarely, he had to admit that Ann Wellorly did things to him no other girl had ever done before.

But it was ridiculous. The girl was married. The girl didn't sail. The girl loved dancing. Clearly their interests were incompatible. He tried to get back into the formula, but he had forgotten his variables.

It was almost lunchtime, anyway. He reached for the phone. He hadn't seen old Bob Murray for a long time.

Larry found Bob Murray's conversation singularly uninteresting. He found difficulty in concentrating on it at all.

As they were about to leave, he asked casually, "By the way, did you ever know a fellow named Wellorly? Tom Wellorly, I think."

Murray thought for a moment. "Yes," he said. "Nice chap. Haven't seen him for some time but I've heard that he married a little rotter, and he's taking it hard. Drinking more than's good for him."

With an effort Larry relaxed his fists, which had clenched in a business-like manner.

"That's what you hear, is it?" Murray looked at him sharply. "Do you know the girl?"

He shook his head.

"Well, that's good. They say she's slow-acting poison. She gets a man interested, plays him for all he's worth for a few weeks, then drops him flat. Pretty hard for old Tom."

Back at the office, Larry sat at his desk with his head in his arms. So he had instinctively known the girl's fine qualities, had he?

During the two remaining days of the week, Larry tried resolutely to put from his mind all thoughts of Ann Wellorly.

But he had to admit it wasn't working. Though he pored over the improved-system plans and specifications well into the night, the progress

he made was micrometric. He kept remembering Ann.

Bob Murray could be wrong. Or exaggerating. He was Tom's friend; it would be natural for him to take his side against the girl.

On Friday night, Larry slammed the desk drawer shut on his blueprints. He walked by the garage on the way home. His car would be ready the following morning, and he arranged to pay cash on the part of the bill in excess of the estimate he had given Ann.

That night Larry lay in bed thinking. To-morrow he would post the bill, and the chapter would be ended, a lesson to him. But would it be a lesson if he never discovered the truth?

At breakfast he evaded his mother's questions about his weekend plans. He might drive out to his sister's.

Actually, when he got out of traffic and turned north he knew that this had been his intention all along.

The garage bill was in his pocket. That was to be his passport. "Just happened to be driving out your way; thought I'd drop this thing in and save postage."

Laurelwood was one of those spider-in-the-web communities. From a little body it branched out into a rambling network of roads and lanes, apparently haphazard; but somewhere must exist a master plan.

The Wellorlys were young, probably not long established, and probably not too well off. That would put them near the heart of the spider, within walking distance of the station.

The house he eventually approached after seeking directions from various locals was straight from the pages of an expensive real-estate agent's brochure.

He was still sitting staring when a voice called out, "Why, hello!"

He didn't see Ann immediately, but he knew it was she. Then he saw her. She was kneeling in the dirt in the flower border under the open French windows. She waved a gloved hand and scrambled to her feet.

"Hello!" he said. He had got out of the car, and they were facing each other now.

"You didn't tell me you were a gardener, too," he said almost accusingly.

"It's my secret vice," she said. Then, indicating her clothes, "You can see why. Unglam."

"Glam," he corrected her. "Compared to my sailing costume, super-glam."

"I'm glad they fixed your car. Is it really all right now?" She walked around it. "You brought the bill, I hope."

He handed it to her. She didn't open it. "Tom's in town this morning. I could give you a cheque, but I think he'd rather. At least, that way I think it would be more of a lesson to him."

"He can send it along any time." Larry was relieved to have the business over, but puzzled at her tone, more principled than wifely. At any rate, it showed concern.

Larry looked at the neat boxes of plants.

"Begonias?" he ventured.

"Stick to your jibs and mizzens, sailor. Them's petunias. And I've got to get them in, too. Tom will slay me if he gets back and the job isn't done. He's chief gardener around here, among other things."

"Want help? I reap and sow like nobody's business."

She dropped to her knees by the border. "Come on—if you want to, and aren't afraid of dirt."

He took off his tweed coat, threw it to the ground, and rolled up his sleeves.

"Do you provide the help with tools?"

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PULLING STRINGS

ANYONE could see what sort of a room it had once been, before George and Dominic had taken it over. A room for polite conversation, the vicar's wife to tea, Apostle spoons, and postcard albums of the Italian lakes.

Instead of reconstructing, George and Dominic had superimposed themselves on the background. They had left intact the arm-chairs covered with pale chintz to match the curtains, and the thick rosewood table and bureau, and the glass-fronted book-cases in which they replaced Dickens and Scott by something more modern.

Faint but frequent darker rectangles on the sun-bleached walls were the scars of George's grandmother's water-colors, Castles on the Rhine and Windermere in Spring, painlessly removed.

In the largest rectangle, over the fireplace, Dominic had drawn in grey chalk a unicorn holding a little female figure seated in a little iron bedstead. George had a newly painted beehive standing in one corner.

After they had been in the house a week, and George had got used to the feeling of having inherited it, he had sold the flowered carpet, brushing out of it first the week's lumps of mud and the ground-up pastels, the cigarette ends, the flakes of dried oil paint.

On a summer morning Dominic was painting Cressy, the girl who did the housework, in this room, while George had gone off to the market with eighteen dozen lettuce, and Cape,

small head and a long neck, rough darkish hair and long grey eyes. Dominic found her paintable; this was the third portrait.

She had left the village school at fourteen, nearly three months ago. Since they had arrived and taken her on, George and Dominic had been educating her pretty heavily in a one-sided sort of way.

While she sat in the chair being painted, she was thinking that there must be some reason for drawing a unicorn holding a bedstead, and trying to work out what it was, instead of saying to herself as she used to say that George and Dominic were both nuts.

The telephone rang. Dominic, pacing to and fro, concentrating, dabbling and appraising, took no notice; Cressy did not like to move. It rang seventeen times in complets, and then stopped.

Cape came through the door from the garden, embracing a very fancy bouquet of belladonna lilies and asparagus fern. Above the purple stems and pink trumpets his small face was dark with disapproval, the moustaches limp.

He stood in Dominic's line of vision, sniffed at Cressy, muttered, "Wastin' time. Disgustin'."

"Oh, you," said Cressy, provoked, "you don't know art from Thursday."

"Some of us got to work," said Cape.

"Don't let me stop you," said Dominic. "This is the third time you've come between

me and your daughter with those perishing lilies. Are you rehearsing them or something? Aren't they done yet?"

"All but the ribbing," said Cape sourly. "I got to tie a bow on. They rung up about 'em again?"

Dominic looked vague, and said, "I dare say. Someone did. I was busy."

"They got no call to fuss," said Cape. "Half-past twelve they said and half-past twelve they'll get 'em. I'm going down on me bike in a minute."

Dominic picked up his palette and began again. Cape swayed past the window on a bicycle, in a bower of lilies. The telephone rang.

"Death and pestilence," said Dominic. He put down his brushes, seized the receiver and called into it irritably. "They're on the way now. Cape has just . . . What?" he said. "Oh, I thought."

Yes. Yes. Yes. Oh! Yes. Signed what? M for Mary? Medmore? Oh! Are you sure it's for here? Yes, I think we had better have a copy. You did say two-fifty, didn't you? Yes, I was afraid you did. Well, thank you—good-bye."

Dominic replaced the telephone. "I don't know anyone called Medmore, do I?" he said dispiritedly. "You can get up," he added.

"Is he coming here?" said Cressy, unlocking her neck and shoulders.

"He," said Dominic, "or she, or it, or they. It was not addressed to anyone, only to the house, but it must be for George. But he has never talked about Medmore. It's really a most unnerving telegram, Cressida."

"There's a car."

"You'd better come into the kitchen and see what's happening," Cressy cried.

"It could be some kind of aunt or something," said Dominic moodily. "I had better go and wash my brushes, I think. You tell George. It's all written down on the little pad you bought." He went off with the painting.

George came in from the garden. The edge of a cheque stuck out of his pocket.

He bent over and read the message, without picking it up. "Medmore?" he said. "I don't think I—it must be Dominic's. What's he doing?"

"He says not; he says it's yours."

"I haven't got any Medmores," said George, and called to Dominic, who appeared, spraying drops of water from the ends of his fingers.

"I have never known a Medmore in my life," said Dominic.

"Well, they're not mine. They—or I suppose they might be my grandmother's. Perhaps they—oh, heavens," said George suddenly, and struck his forehead. "Medmore. Yes, she was, she was that one, I do remember. I met her when I was about eighteen. Dynamic type. Oh, misery. We can't stop it now."

"Do you mean she thinks your grandmother is still alive?" said Dominic, sitting down and fishing out a cigarette.

"No, of course she doesn't. She was my grandmother's greatest friend. My grandmother was always talking about her. Hermione says, Hermione wouldn't agree. This is going to be a least-acquaintance sort of visit. She's coming to be nostalgic over the house."

"When she sees my unicorn and no carpet and all the other things she will be rather more than nostalgic."

"I suppose she will," said George. He seemed appalled. He added, "I believe she's rich, too."

"Expectations?"

"I hardly think. Even if there were, there won't be, anyway. Besides, I don't want expectations. I want to be left alone. It's a long time since I've had a more sinister telegram," said George, doubling up over the pad again. "Bringing rations. Is she coming to stay?"

Please turn to page 24



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Simon's Wife

By R. A. DICK

IT is only sympathy that prompts CORDELIA SANDYBROWN to marry lonely Australian FRED HART after her husband, SIMON, has been killed at the war, and she is soon a widow again, this time wealthy.

She plans to buy Simon's old home, Cheridon Court, but instead, by a misunderstanding, finds herself engaged as a cook by EVELYN SANDYBROWN, Simon's embittered sister who resented his marriage and refused to meet his wife.

Her false position is fraught with complications, in the midst of which she lets STUBBS, the washerwoman's little boy, persuade her to buy an ancient horse.

She finds an unexpected friend, however, in AUNT HARRIET, the other member of the household, who insists one day that the supposed cook should have her afternoon tea with her.

In the course of this, Aunt Harriet mentions that the report of her nephew Simon's death was a mistake.

Now read on:

THOUGHT seemed to rattle in Cordelia's mind with the hard jangling of a shaken kaleidoscope, with the sharp clattering of unrelated fragments.

"I was always thankful that I recognised Simon's marriage," said Aunt Harriet. "I sent him a vase . . . pawned a ring to get the money to buy it, for my husband would have none of it."

It was as if she had put her hand on the kaleidoscope and stilled it, for it was Simon who had received that vase, and suddenly the pieces of Cordelia's thoughts fell into a pattern so dazzling that she instinctively closed her eyes to hide the reflection of that brilliance.

In that instant she knew that this astounding thing was true. Simon was alive. She could not sit quietly there before Aunt Harriet's searching glance and behave as if life were normal.

Controlling her voice with a supreme effort, she seized the teapot and stood up.

"I forgot to bring in the hot-water jug," she said. "I'll just take the teapot out and fill it, if you'll excuse me."

She found herself in the kitchen with no consciousness of passing through the hall. Her spirit seemed to have soared out of her body to meet Simon. She stood there without moving, caught up out of time and place into such happiness that she felt immortal as the gods. She must go to him . . . she must go at once . . . when was there a train to London?

Then, as if her ecstasy were a mirage that vanished at practical thought, it suddenly fell from her. As swiftly as Lucifer it fell, hurrying her happiness into the sudden devastation of doubt. Simon, too, might have married again.

Slowly she turned and put out her hand for the kettle. Blindly groping, her fingers touched the hot side of it—but she scarcely felt the pain. Having filled up the teapot, she went back to the morning-room barricading her mind against hope.

There was no need now for her to veil the light in her eyes from Aunt Harriet's sharp gaze. They were dull with troubled imaginings.

"You were a long time," said Aunt Harriet. "Kettle gone off the boil?"

"Yes," lied Cordelia. "Let me give you another cup of tea."

"Thank you," said Aunt Harriet,

passing her cup. "You look tired, my dear," she went on, "quite pale . . . I'm a selfish old thing keeping you here. Get along and have a rest. You don't have to stay here and listen to my prosing."

"Oh, no, please," said Cordelia. "I am very interested . . . I mean it's quite an unusual story and you tell it so well . . . do go on."

"Where was I?" asked Aunt Harriet.

"You had just sent them a wedding present," replied Cordelia.

"Yes," said the old lady. "Poor little creature! If only they'd listened to me and called Stewart, Charles Edward, it would have saved a lot of trouble and the life of that poor little bride."

"Her life!" repeated Cordelia stupidly.

"Indeed yes," said Aunt Harriet.

"Simon's wife drowned herself. Her handbag was found on the embankment and her hat in the Thames on the very day that she received the telegram telling her that he'd been killed. If only she'd waited she would have known she wasn't a widow." She paused.

"Simon never forgave his family," she went on slowly. "He felt that if they'd been kinder to her she'd have had someone to turn to. As it was, they had to write and tell him she'd died, but he didn't find out that she'd drowned herself until he came home after the war."

"And what did he do then?" asked Cordelia.

"He went out to Africa and bought a farm there," replied Aunt Harriet. "And he hasn't been home since. Evelyn felt very bitterly about the whole thing. She wouldn't write and tell the boy when his father was taken ill and when I found out that she hadn't written it was too late. And their father didn't improve things by leaving Cheridon Court to them both."

"That was a shock to Evelyn. The estate wasn't entailed and she thought she'd get it all. And she wants to sell and he doesn't. And it's my belief that he's come home and is trying to patch things up, and that Evelyn is meeting him today."

"Did he marry again?" asked Cordelia in a low voice. Her heart was

PART FOUR OF AN EIGHT-PART SERIAL

beating so rapidly that she felt she must suffocate before she heard the answer.

"No," said Aunt Harriet, "but he may be coming home for that very purpose. Evelyn always had set her heart on his marrying her friend Dolly . . . and Dolly's just lost her husband and is free to now."

"Is she pretty?" asked Cordelia flatly.

"Lovely in her own way," said Aunt Harriet. "It's not my idea of real beauty, but you know what fools men can be, and she's very amiable."

"Is she . . . was she in love with him?" asked Cordelia.

"Evelyn said she was," said Aunt Harriet, "and Simon used to be great friends with her. We shall see, and anyway it won't concern me because I mean to be on my travels by the autumn. You'll write to a travel agency, won't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Cordelia vaguely.

Her heart should be leaping for joy over the very fact that Simon was alive. But what right had it to leap? she asked herself passionately. For how could he understand and



"I'm sorry if I have intruded on you," Simon said stiffly to Cordelia.

forgive her for marrying so shortly after hearing of his supposed death? How could she ever make him see the state of mental and physical weakness that she had been in? And would he want to see?

Perhaps he wanted to forget her. For why should he be willing to become reconciled to his sister after all this time, if there were not strong incentive—the strong incentive of Dolly, who was lovely and amiable and free?

She rose and picked up the tray, feeling as if she had been turned to stone in mind and body. It was with a real effort that she turned and walked to the door.

"Do you think that we should wait dinner for them?" she asked.

"No, I do not," replied Aunt Harriet firmly. "If there's one thing I hate it is being kept waiting for my meals. If they come in late they can get their own dinner. You've done more than enough. Go and get a rest like a good girl . . . oh, and thank you for having tea with me. I've enjoyed our little chat."

"I, too, have found it very interesting," said Cordelia, and went back to the kitchen.

It was strange, thought Cordelia, washing up the tea things with hands that shook so much that she chipped a handle off a cup, it was strange that Aunt Harriet, who had read her thoughts so shrewdly as regards herself, had failed to realise Cordelia's reaction to the story she had told.

But so many people were like that, acutely sensitive to their own affairs, and rhinoceros-skinned when it came to other people's.

And there you are, she said to herself bitterly, running away from your own reaction yourself, trying to escape from facts now as you escaped from them nine years ago.

Please turn to page 37

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Three little girls wore blue

By MATT TAYLOR

It was seldom that the three of them were in the apartment at the same time, but now they were.

Marge, the red-headed one, was standing by on reserve. Claire, the petite, wide-eyed blonde, was free until next morning. And Joan, whose brown hair was exactly matched by her eyes, had just returned from flight and was standing in the doorway in her Alice-blue uniform, suitcase in hand.

They were three airline hostesses, and they shared this three-room apartment, rather dreadfully furnished. It was expensive, but convenient to the airport.

Joan put down her bag and tossed her hat into a chair across the room. "There's a man coming up for a drink," she said. "Are you decent?"

Both obviously were—Marge in slacks and Claire in a housecoat.

"Is he for all of us?" Marge asked hopefully.

"He's for anyone who wants him," Joan answered crossly. "He's a heel."

"Is he a good-looking heel?" said Marge.

"He's a pilot and a good-enough specimen," Joan explained. "I flew back from Chicago with him. He's been transferred here from the Kansas City base."

Claire sighed. "How many kids

has he got?" she asked. "I never yet knew a pilot who didn't unloose snapshots of his children."

"He admits to none," Joan said. "He's single. Eligible enough, I suppose."

"If you like heels," said Marge.

Claire was at the front window. "If you like blue convertibles," she said.

"A convertible?" cried Marge. "It could be pink with purple dots. Whistle for him quick."

"I'll get him," Joan said. At the door she paused. "He needs taking down," she told them grimly. "Please co-operate."

She reappeared a minute later. With her was a tall, rather well-built, dark young man in his late twenties, with curiously inquisitive grey eyes and a small, well-kept moustache. He slouched carelessly into the room and appraised the situation with interest. Joan took him by the arm.

"Meet Captain Charlie Godden, one of our clear-eyed birdmen," she said. "This is Marge Dickson, Captain. And Claire Porter. You'll run into them on flight sooner or later. They both look nicer," she added, "when they're dressed up in uniform for the paying customers."

The captain nodded approvingly. "I find I can take hostesses with or without," he said.

"I'll make a drink," Joan said. He followed her into the kitchenette. The drinks were poured and mixed without conversation.

Back in the living-room Joan passed the glasses, then raised her own. "A toast, mon capitaine," she said with a bite in her voice. "To those three inevitable millionaires!"

"Three?" Marge said. "One will do me."

Joan smiled at the captain with acid sweetness. "You see, Captain?" she said. "How right you are!" She turned to her room-mates. "According to Captain Godden," she informed them, "we hostesses are all airborne gold diggers. All we live for is to get our claws on some rich passenger and marry him."

CAPTAIN GODDEN looked around him. Joan faced him, Marge was to the right, and Claire to the left. "I've been ambushed," he murmured.

"The captain has a very low opinion of hostesses," Joan went on, speaking through her teeth. "He said during dinner last night in Chicago that—"

"It's been nice knowing you all," said the captain, retreating two steps. "I'll finish my drink in the car."

Marge's eyes had a glint in them. So had Claire's. "Wait!" Claire ordered. "Kindly repeat your insults!"

"He said we all—"

"I'll tell it myself, if they insist," said the captain. "You'll only misquote me. Everything I said was perfectly reasonable," he added. "I said I've never met a hostess who wasn't intelligent."

"So far, so good," said Claire grimly.

"Proceed," stated Marge.

He proceeded. "But no intelligent girl," he said, "would want to get up at all hours of the night and fly around the sky in all kinds of weather being an aerial nursemaid and waitress just for the fun of it. There must be an ulterior motive."

"Like money," suggested Claire.

"Maybe we just like it up there," Marge said sharply.

"You may like flying," he conceded. "So do I. But I'm up in the cockpit away from complaining females and airsick babies and pompous old bores and—"

"The captain," interrupted Joan, "just loves all humanity, doesn't he?"

"Look," said the captain defensively. "I'm not a complete heel."

"Aren't you?" said Joan.

"Then what are you?" asked Marge.

"Here is Captain Godden, one of our clear-eyed birdmen," Joan cried gaily.

"Tell us," urged Claire, her blue eyes wide.

The captain finished his drink. "May I make myself another?" he asked. "This is pretty rough going."

A grim silence awaited him as he returned from the kitchen a moment later. He drew a deep breath.

"I don't see why you don't admit it," he said. "All of you obviously looked around for some glamor job you could step into. You picked this. You knew our best people travel by air these days, and some of our best people are eligible bachelors with sockfuls of the stuff that matters. You knew you'd meet them on flight, and you thought as long as a girl has to marry some time she might as well—"

He paused and looked at them defiantly. "Why the dark looks?" he said. "Don't I make sense?"

"No," Joan said.

"None at all," said Claire.

"You're drooling," said Marge.

"Okay," the captain said. "But I'll bet a buck not one of you would settle right now for—well, for an ordinary guy like me! I'll bet if I asked you to marry me—"

"All right, you bet a buck," broke in Marge.

Please turn to page 44



LEGEND TELLS of an old warrior named Deegeenboyah, who felt his hunting days were nearly over. In order to survive, he forced his way into the hunting parties of the Mullyan tribe and so grew fat on their efforts. One day the Mullyans caught a number of Emus and, overcome by greed, Deegeenboyah sneaked back to his camp with the lot, leaving the other blackfellows without food. Naturally they were furious when they discovered they'd been tricked and, racing to his camp, they attacked the old warrior. Deegeenboyah fought to the last but he was finally overcome by weight of numbers and killed. It was then that his spirit rose above the scene of the fight. It was in the form of a tawny-plumaged bird which the natives called the Soldier Bird in memory of the cunning old warrior. That is how the Soldier Bird got its name, and so it is known to this day.

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Designed in Rome . . .



SCHUBERTH (above left) puts the finishing touches to a pink brocade evening dress with a short hemline.

FONTANA made the lame cocktail suit (above) and soft brown-green, sable-trimmed velvet coat, photographed at a shop in Rome.

PRINCESS GALITZINE designed the gold satin dress (left) worn by Contessa Crispi, twin sister of Gloria O'Connor, junior editor of "Harper's Bazaar."

SORELLE BOTTIS Rembrandtesque cocktail frock of red taffeta (right) with full sleeves is worn with a black velvet hat with sweeping plumes.



A MATTER OF LINE

THERE is a subtle difference, which is difficult to define, between the creations of designers in Rome and those hall-marked with the great names of the dress world in Paris.

It lies in line and distinctive color. Less subtle is the difference in prices. In Rome you can buy three dresses for the cost of one in Paris.

Materials in the muted shades of old paintings and those inspired by the vivid hues of the Italian countryside are handled with equal skill by designers in Rome. These four dresses, for important occasions, are good examples of the sure use of color and the beautiful fabrics for which Italian textile makers are famous.—Anne Matheson.



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ARRIVAL at squalid home of sister, Stella, and brother-in-law, Stanley, is shock for sensitive well-bred Blanche, but neighbors assure her address is right. Blanche has had tragic marriage, discovering her adored husband is a degenerate, who finally suicides.



1



4

"A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE"

★ After creating a sensation in London, New York, and Paris, Tennessee Williams' "A Streetcar Named Desire" is appearing at the Comedy Theatre, Melbourne. It is an intensely dramatic play with a sordid theme, written in superbly poetic dialogue. These pictures of the Australian production show the leading actors, Viola Keats (Blanche), Arthur Franz (Mitch), Russell Hardie (Stanley), Adele Longmire (Stella).

SEPARATION from brutish husband is urged upon Stella by Blanche, who regards Stanley as uncivilised. Stella says her love for him is only thing important to her.



8

DISTRACTED by loss of Mitch, Blanche enters world of fantasy, dresses in glamor gown, tries to ring former sweetheart, now a millionaire, without knowing telephone number.



2
DISTRUST of Blanche grows on Stanley when he ransacks luggage, shows Stella fine clothes. He thinks Blanche has stolen Stella's share of family money.



5
DEEP LOVE grows between Blanche and Mitch. She tells him moving story of her terrible marriage, but does not reveal the dissipation she indulged in.



6



3
NIGHTMARE for Blanche are weekly poker nights of Stanley and his tough friends, when they drink, make vulgar jokes, and brawl. Only Mitch, at right, does not drink. He attracts Blanche, who has had many lovers in fruitless search after happiness.



7



9
REVENGE for Blanche's taunts and her attempt to make Stella leave him is taken by Stanley, who attacks and overcomes her while Stella is in hospital having baby. Blanche tries to resist him with broken bottle.

DISCOVERY by Stanley of Blanche's past appalls Stella, who finds she is too late to stop her husband telling all he has found out to Mitch. Mitch calls off marriage.

DESERTION by Mitch, after he learns her past, is gradually realised by Blanche when he does not arrive to take her to birthday dinner date. Meanwhile Stanley gnaws chop like an animal and Stella is broken-hearted over his treachery to her beloved Blanche.



10
COLLAPSE of Blanche's already weakened mind follows Stanley's attack. She panics when doctor and nurse arrive to take her to sanatorium, falls in struggle.

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● Shimmering satin embroidered in silver and gold is used by Molyneux to make the short evening frock, above, with its sheath skirt and wide panniers.

● Pleated skirts are back in the news and Jean Dessès knife pleats a black crepe skirt, below, and has a combined scarf-bolero to cover up the strapless bodice.



● Blue satin forms a swathe with a hip bow on this Marcel Rochas frock of cream tulle patterned with vivid blue flowers. It is backless, with halter neckline, tailored belt.

● A lowered waistline outlined with jet embroidery is a feature of this black and strawberry velvet frock designed by Molyneux.



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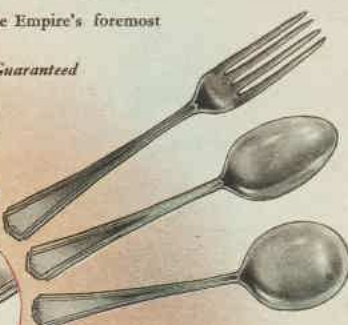
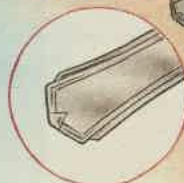
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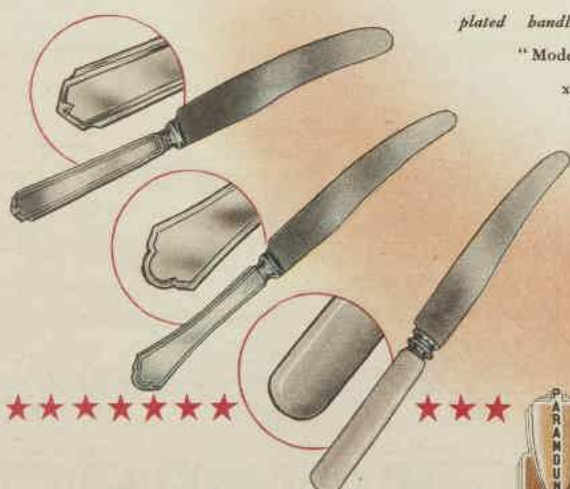
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Aborigines "sing" constable and his wife home

The Fitzers of Daly River Station, N.T., on leave from their 2000 mile district

By PAT McKINNON, staff reporter

While Mrs. Tasman Fitzer, who lives on the Daly River in the Northern Territory, is away on six months' holiday, the natives in her district are busy "singing" her back home.

That means they are holding corroborees to ensure that Mrs. Fitzer, who is known to them as "the white queen of the Daly," will return.

MRS. FITZER and her husband, Constable Fitzer of the Commonwealth Mounted Police, are one of the best known and respected couples in the Northern Territory.

At present they are in Sydney after a trip to New Zealand.

Both have earned their fine reputation. Constable Fitzer as an efficient police officer who knows the Territory and the blacks equally well, and Mrs. Fitzer as a bush nurse.

Since they have been away letters from home have told them the natives are saying "we got to have that one missus back."

"When we do go home they will be sure that they have 'sung' her back," Constable Fitzer said.

Home to the Fitzers is a tropical bungalow on the banks of the Daly River, some 80 miles from its mouth, and 150 miles by road and bush track from Darwin.

Their back and front yards are the 2000 square miles of district in which Constable Fitzer represents law and order.

The Daly, a wide, beautiful waterway, flows past only 18 yards from their front door, and the surrounding countryside is one of the beauty spots of the Northern Territory.

Constable Fitzer joined the N.T. Police Force 26 years ago after hearing from a friend what an exciting life it was.

"By a coincidence I was sent to Timber Creek where my friend, Don Hood, was also stationed," he said. "I intended to stay in the Force for only about 12 months, but I finished up spending 16 years at Timber Creek."

"Those were the days when the blacks were very wild in some areas and a patrol officer's job was a constant one."

When he first arrived in the Territory there was only one doctor, so patrol officers not only had to be stock inspectors and protectors of the aborigines, but ex-officio medical officers also.

"I have walked sick blacks for 200 miles to get them in to have treatment. It seems hard, but it was often the only way to get them there," Constable Fitzer said.

"Poor things, they were terrified of leaving their 'country,' and most of all were frightened of being put in the leprosarium on Channel Island."

The stories of some of Constable Fitzer's horseback hunts of aboriginal murderers are already almost legends in the Territory.

Australian authors of books about the outback, Ion Idriess, used the



CROSSING the Daly in his utility truck, Const. Fitzer uses the only possible ford, just below the police station.

story of his chase and capture of the aboriginal Namarluk, who murdered five Japanese from the pearl lugger Ouida, as the subject for two books, "Mantracks" and "Nemarluk."

Another spectacular chase lasted two months, before he captured the native who killed two gold prospectors, Cook and Stephens. The two men were murdered for their food at the camp on the Fitzmorris River.

The Fitzers' confessed love of the Territory is founded on long associations. Mrs. Fitzer and her two sisters were born in Darwin, and their mother was also born in the Territory.

"Now my sisters have families born there, so we are one of the few three-generation families in the State," Mrs. Fitzer said.

Both her sisters are neighbors, or what passes for neighbors in the vast spaces of the Territory. Mrs. Myrtle Fawcett lives practically next door at Adelaide River, 90 miles away, and Mrs. Lillian Lovegrove at Ti-Tee-Well, in Central Australia.

Mrs. Lovegrove and her ex-N.T. policeman husband have chosen Ti-Tee-Well to live in their retirement.

Before she married and went to live at the Daly River Station Mrs. Fitzer was a well-known bush nurse.

She did her early training in Melbourne, and after entering the N.T. Nursing Service went to the hospital at Pine Creek mining settlement, near Darwin.

Sole white woman

DR. CLYDE FENTON, the famous Flying Doctor, was in charge of Pine Creek Hospital, and with him Mrs. Fitzer made many long trips to treat and bring back isolated cases.

Later she nursed on the mining fields at Wauchope, in Central Australia.

"It was a terrible place, in the middle of nowhere, and for 12 months I was the only white woman on the fields," she said.

"Most of my work was treating eye conditions, caused by dazzling glare, and infections carried by flies."

From there Mrs. Fitzer went to the aboriginal leprosarium on Channel Island for five months.

After that she became matron-in-charge of the Bagot Compound in Darwin, an institution for half-caste children.

"Little Betty Fisher, the aboriginal

soprano who so impressed critics down here, was one of my charges, and when she was only a tiny girl I taught her some of her first songs," Mrs. Fitzer said.

The Fitzers live a very civilised life at the Daly River Station, and, although they are 150 miles from Darwin, and right off the beaten track, they have quite a few visits from people who come to hunt and fish in their district. Their home is a weatherboard bungalow, built up on piers for coolness, and wired against insects and flies. There is no electricity, but they have kerosene lamps and a kerosene refrigerator, "and a pressure cooker which is wonderful for cooking kangaroo tail soup."

Mrs. Fitzer merely supervises the domestic work, as she has several efficient young lubras whom she has trained thoroughly for the house.

On the outdoor staff Constable Fitzer has two black trackers, and their wives, who, when not employed on station duties, keep the household plentifully supplied with game and fish.

"Kangaroo tail soup and kangaroo stew are real delicacies, and are dishes we often eat for preference," Mrs. Fitzer said.

"The aborigines also look after our wonderful garden, which produces every known vegetable."

"The trackers spear fish for us, we keep goats for their milk, and the surrounding cattle stations see we don't want for fresh meat."

In the wet season the Fitzers know the full meaning of isolation. Then they are entirely cut off for six months while the surrounding country is under water, and nobody can get either in or out of the area.

This isolation nearly cost Mrs. Fitzer her life when, during the wet season of 1946, she suffered an illness which needed urgent medical attention.

"My wife gave herself injections



POLICE patrol officer of the outback, Const. Tasman Fitzer, and his wife, who live at the Daly River Police Station, Northern Territory, are visiting Sydney during their three-year leave.



NATIVE-STYLE dugout canoes are used by Const. Fitzer for patrol work during wet season, when entire district is flooded and cut off from outside communication for some weeks.

of morphia twice a day for two weeks, and by then we realised she would die if we couldn't get her out and to a doctor," Constable Fitzer said.

"The pedal wireless was unusable—damp had got into the batteries—and one of the aborigines volunteered to get a message to Adelaide River, so that it could be relayed to Darwin."

"He made the 90-mile trip in two days by following the ridges not under flood-waters, but he was so exhausted when he got to the Adelaide River he had to lie up for four days."

"Because a plane couldn't land nearby the naval sloop Kangaroo was sent to the mouth of the Daly, and Father Frank Flynn and a few others negotiated the dangerously flooded river in a P.T. boat. The journey took 24 hours."

"While we waited for that help we really realised how isolated we were."

Mrs. Fitzer said the pedal wireless is normally a wonderful help in cases of illness. The base station comes on the air at 7 a.m. each day, and takes medical calls, prescribing drugs from a standard medical kit.

The Fitzers' only staff trouble is when the lubras or boys decide to go walkabout.

"They look forward to their walkabout as we do to a holiday," Constable Fitzer said.

"They usually stay away about

three months and walk anything up to 300 miles. They will walk farther though, such as one of my trackers who covered 800 miles on his last walkabout. I know he went this distance because I had given him letters to deliver to friends in an area near the W.A. border and I later got answers from them."

"We usually get some warning when they are thinking of going, perhaps a remark that 'porcupine proper fat fella now,' or 'me think that one goose making me egg now.'"

The aboriginal has no knowledge of months or of dates, Constable Fitzer said. They know only the seasons—wet and dry—and their sense of time is measured by these.

So they will promise to be back "rain centre," or "burnt grass time," or "close up rain bin finish," or again, "when storm him start first time."

Constable Fitzer said the aboriginal has a genuine belief in the magic of "singing."

"Our local rainmaker is sure his magic brings rain, but if it happens to rain at the wrong time he blames his rival. 'That big fella Paddy sing rain wrong time, he'll say indig-nantly.'"

The natives near the Daly Police Station affectionately call Constable Fitzer "Maluka," which means "old man boss."

Mrs. Fitzer is "Missus Fitzer," as the aboriginal cannot pronounce his "F's."

Crocodile hunt

THE Fitzers are remembered with affection by hundreds of servicemen who accepted their hospitality during the war. Mrs. Fitzer was always ready with a meal for the men who called, and her husband was never too busy to arrange a hunting party for them.

Mrs. Fitzer mostly leaves hunting crocodiles and fishing trips to the men, her one sortie having met with disaster.

They had staying with them Miss Cecilia Senior, who was very anxious to go crocodile hunting, and, as Constable Fitzer was busy getting evidence together for a case, Mrs. Fitzer decided to arrange the trip.

Taking two harpooners and a tracker, the two women made themselves comfortable with cushions in a large dugout canoe, and set out about 8 p.m.

After grounding on sandbanks several times they hit a submerged snag which overturned the canoe and landed them all in the inky water.

"We saved all our equipment, but we lost the cushions and our dignity," Mrs. Fitzer said.

OUR COVER

OUR cover is another of the "Old Colonial Days" series, by Arthur Boothroyd. The scene he depicts is a group in the 1840's with St. James' Church, King Street, Sydney, in the background, in the days before additions were made. Boothroyd regards St. James' as one of the loveliest of our churches and a perfect example of Greenway's architecture. The artist dressed his group from fashion plates of the period which he brought back from England.

QUIET, PLEASE!

QUIETNESS is so lacking in modern life, according to the Director General of Medical Services, Maj.-Gen. Norris, that we must be educated to appreciate it if we are to avoid nervous exhaustion and befogged faculties.

Much of the noise is due to the many things man has invented to save time and effort in industry and housework. Until some bright inventor removes the sound effects from these inventions workers and housewives accept noise as the price paid for speed, efficiency and more leisure.

But a great deal of noise is due to sheer bad manners, or to the thoughtlessness of harassed people trying to keep up with the pressure of modern times.

Loud radios left on and ignored, honking of car horns which cautious driving would make unnecessary, the clatter of dishes in understaffed restaurants, the clashing of milk-cans by a hurrying milkman — all these are avoidable noises.

One has only to travel with a busload of exuberant schoolchildren to realise that appreciation of quiet needs a skilful educational campaign, starting in the home before kindergarten age.

No one expects the very young to see any great virtue in quiet, but education can teach them that older people may like it, and that there are rewarding hobbies and occupations that flourish in silence.

The N.S.W. Government has made an anti-noise film short called "Disturbers of the Peace," a good beginning for any educational campaign.

NELL GWYN: Favorite of Charles II

ONE of the minor mysteries of English history is why the English people have always looked with such a kindly eye on the peccadilloes of Nell Gwyn, who was certainly "no better than she should have been."

Three hundred years have passed since she was born, but her name is still a household word when the fame of her more illustrious contemporaries is quite forgotten. The orange-girl has become part of the legends of her race while princes and bishops have dissolved into dust.

Eleanor Gwyn, the most famous of Charles II's many mistresses, is believed to have been born in February, 1650, in a squalid alley in Drury Lane known as the Coal Yard. Nothing is known for certain of her father, who was most probably a fruiterer in Covent Garden; though a tale does exist that he was a certain Captain Thomas Gwyn, descendant of an ancient Welsh family. That the name is of Welsh extraction is probably true.

Little is known, either, of Nell's mother, who was also called Eleanor, except the fact that she was accidentally drowned in a pond in Chelsea after her daughter was grown up.

Nell's childhood was extremely sordid, and the marvel is that she grew up with any spark of grace, wit, and good feeling at all, let alone a generous share of them.

Her home in the Coal Yard was near an even more notorious shum called Lewknor Lane, where young girls were enticed away to lives of vice, most of them starting their careers as orange-sellers in the theatres near by.

Nell was ten years old when Charles II returned from his years of exile and ended the reign of the Puritans in England.

She must have had clear memories of a childhood under the Protector Cromwell, when gay clothes were frowned upon as sinful, when people were fined even for cleaning their shoes on Sundays, when dancing and theatrical displays were shunned as worse than the plague itself.

With the rest of the populace she must have heaved a sigh of relief at Charles' advent: for the may-poles were taken out and set up in grassy places once more, men and women began again to dance their old dances, the doors of the theatres reopened, and London streets again were thronged with playgoers.

The Restoration stage has a justifiable reputation for viciousness and splendor. Actors, and the new actresses who had recently taken the place of boys in female parts, had no social standing whatever, the

FAMOUS WOMEN

women indeed being regarded as fair game for the young bloods of the Court.

But whatever the morals of the London stage of the time, there is little doubt of its brilliance or its popularity. From the Royal Family, the Court nobility, down to the humblest citizen of the capital, Londoners flocked to the King's Theatre and the Duke's Theatre, and the affairs of Court and stage were as much topics of general conversation as films and film stars in our own day.

Nell inevitably found her way to the theatre, first as an orange-girl, standing with the other fruit-women, her back to the stage, in the front row of the pit at the King's Theatre, with her basket of fruit, covered with vine leaves, over one arm. It was here surely that she acquired that quick, good-natured tongue and ready wit which so amused the King in later years, for the young gallants of the town were accustomed to exchange rude jests and much coarse backchat with the fruit-women.

But Nell was not to remain in the pit with her back to the stage for long. It is not known how the change from orange-girl to actress took place, but there is plenty of evidence about her fine figure, exceptionally tiny feet, pretty face, infectious laugh, and ready wit—all qualities which must have attracted the "talent scouts" of the day.

Her name soon appears on the list of actors and actresses attached to the King's Theatre, and we owe our

"Pretty, witty Nell," as Pepys called her, was popular with the people, kind to the poor

first real introduction to her to the diarist Samuel Pepys.

He caught sight of "pretty witty Nell" in 1665, in the audience at the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln Fields, where the great Betterton was playing the leading role in "Mustapha," a tragedy by the Earl of Orrery. Also in the audience were Charles himself and his principal mistress, Lady Castlemaine, and for that reason, perhaps, the play was produced with more than usual magnificence.

Pepys also provides us with the first notice of Nell as an actress. He, like his Royal masters, was an incurable devotee of the theatre and a connoisseur of fine acting. He regarded her as the finest comic actress of her time (which means, of course, that she was the first of the line of great English comedienne), but he did not like her in serious parts.

Pepys also was not entirely in-



TWO PORTRAITS OF NELL GWYN. The one on the left, by Sir Peter Lely, has been in the National Portrait Gallery, London, for nearly 100 years. Recently experts have doubted its authenticity. The other is an engraving from another portrait by Sir Peter Lely.

sensible of her attractions as a woman; on one occasion he records his pleasure at going behind the scenes after a performance and being introduced to Nell: "A most pretty woman, who acted the part of Celia to-day very fine . . . I kissed her, and so did my wife, and a mighty pretty soul she is."

Perhaps it is just as well that Mrs. Pepys usually accompanied her impressionable husband to the theatre!

Before long, Nell's reputation as an actress was extremely high; she was much sought after by producers and playwrights and many parts were especially written for her.

Her playing of one of these, the role of Florimel in Dryden's tragicomedy, "Secret Love, or The Maiden Queen," was probably what first drew the King's attention seriously to her. Her appearance in boy's clothes in the fifth act and her dancing were something of a mild sensation, and Pepys could hardly find words to praise her enough in the role.

What Nell did during the great Plague that swept through England in 1665 is not known, nor how she fared during the Great Fire which devastated London the year after, but in 1667, when she was seventeen, she lived for a while "under the protection" of young Lord Buckhurst.

For a courtier of those days, Buckhurst seems to have been a fairly admirable character. He and Nell,

at all events, seem to have enjoyed themselves at Epsom, where, Pepys tells us, they kept "merry house" for a month, after which, much to the diarist's relief, Nell returned to Drury Lane and to the stage. It is at this period that Charles II comes more definitely into Nell's life.

In spite of Charles' obvious defects as a ruler, his petty bargainings with France, his shameful handling of the war with the Dutch, his indolence and extravagance, he was, nevertheless, extremely popular with his people.

His marriage with "poor, plain Catherine of Braganza" had failed to produce an heir and his people sympathised with him on this account. Also Charles had a habit of "democracy" in little things which pleased his people very much.

Continued on page 36

MAN OUTWITS WOMAN

WHEN a dog bites a man, that's not news. But if a man bites a dog, it's a front page headline.

In much the same way, most men would agree that there's nothing particularly remarkable in a man being outwitted by a woman. But when a woman is outwitted by a man, in a straightforward man v. woman contest, with no holds barred, it may be something to talk about.

For that reason there's a tense, hilarious atmosphere about Ronald Dahl's story, "Twenty Years Younger," one of the seven top-rank stories in the current issue of A.M., the Australian Monthly. In Dahl's story, a wealthy and rather vindictive gentleman plans a colossal embarrassment for a woman who has been playing with his affections.

A.M. for March also brings you a post-war classic, "Food of Love," by Vaughan Thomas. "Food of Love" is an egg-by-egg account of an epic omelet-making contest staged with rags and riches in a little French village. In Thomas' uproarious tale, a man scores over a man with the assistance of a vivacious demoiselle.

A.M. for March, which makes a special feature of these two delightful stories, is on sale everywhere—at 1/-.

By GUS

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY





SMART TRIO at champagne supper party after Cursons' Fashion Parade are Mrs. Bill Kendall (left) in black tulle, Lesley Curtis in black taffeta with clusters of violets on hip drupe, and her sister, Mrs. Patricia Garvan, in pale blue charmingly lace ballerina frock.



AT FASHION PARADE. Dr. and Mrs. Tim Furber at buffet supper after fashion parade at Cursons. Barbara wears charming pale pink figured organza.



PRETTY SISTERS. Mrs. Kevin Long (left), of Pymble, and Mrs. Des McCawley lunch together at Romano's, Sydney, before Mrs. McCawley returns to her Brisbane home after a two months' holiday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Meehan, of Waverley.



YOUNGER SET workers for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children of N.S.W. lunch at Romano's to discuss plans for cocktail party on March 18 at home of Lois Grey, Vaucluse. From left: Meryl Skinner, publicity officer; Laurel Berkman, vice-president; and Shirley Bower, president.



RETURNED HOME after two years studying dress-designing in London is Sydney Monson (left), of Sydney, snapped with Shirley Stuart, of Balwyn, Victoria, who spent the past 12 months touring the U.K. and the Continent.



NEW INDIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER, Shri Duleep-sinhji, former well-known cricketer, and his wife, Kaorani Duleepsinhji. The Kaorani, who wears a lovely pastel green chiffon sari, is on her first visit to Australia.



HAPPY COUPLE. Neville Ryrie and his bride, formerly Peg Trebeck, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Trebeck, of Neutral Bay, leave Soots Kirk, Mosman, after their marriage. Neville is son of Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Ryrie, of Neutral Bay.

Intimate Gossipings

DOWN from her country home, Binalong, Mrs. Toby Browne is busy as usual with her many activities. "I seem to marry off one daughter a year," she tells me. This year's bride in the family is Ann, who will marry Keith Kidd, of Boorowa, in May.

After the wedding Mrs. Browne will repeat her last year's travels and "follow the sun" to the Northern Territory, where she will continue the weaving classes for aboriginal girls at the Altunga Mission, which she inaugurated on her last visit.

Next year, Mrs. Browne tells me, she will accompany her tenth and youngest daughter Valerie to Europe, where Valerie will spend a year at the Loreto Convent, in Rome, studying languages.

IN Sydney trousseau shopping is Raby Woods, of Oak Lea, Moree, whose marriage with Victor Doolin, of Myall Downs, North Star, is planned for April 26.

Raby, who has taken a flat at Bondi, tells me that the ceremony will be at the Holy Trinity Church, Goondiwindi, and her attendants will be Mrs. Bruce Makin, Betty Robinson, and small niece and nephew, Elizabeth and Anthony Woods, as flower-girl and page-boy.

After a reception in Goondiwindi the couple will leave to catch a ship to New Zealand for their honeymoon.

WEDDING

reception at Rosemont, Woolahra, the home of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones, follows the marriage of Phyllis Hughes to Englishman Richard Kallherer this Saturday. Phyllis met her fiance last year when she was returning to Australia in the Oracles after a trip abroad.

The ceremony takes place at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, and the bride is given away by her uncle, Dr. E. B. Jones.

Attendants are bride's sister, Mrs. A. H. Varcoe, and Mr. Norman Jones.

Honeymoon plans are for trip by air to Lord Howe Island.

FAREWELL luncheon given by

Helen Baldwin at Prince's when she entertains old girls of Abbotsleigh School, and says "good-bye" to Margaret Costello, who sails in Maloja on March 25, and Jeanette Allsop, who leaves in Strathmore on March 17. Others in party were Robin MacPhillamy, Helen Walker, and Muriel Jackson.

SEVERAL parties being planned in

Newcastle and surrounding districts for the John Fagans, who with their four children are leaving their lovely home at New Lambton to live on their newly acquired property at Burradoo.

Unusual programme arranged in their honor by Dr. and Mrs. Bill Holley, who invite 70 guests to cocktails at their West Wallsend home, then drive up for buffet dinner at restaurant on Sugar Loaf Mountain, returning to West Wallsend for late supper.

STRATHMORE passengers Surgeon-Lieutenant Martin Begley, R.A.N., and his pretty wife, Greta, make their first visit to Australia. Couple, who leave their home in Bournemouth, will live at Frankston, and Martin will be attached to Flinders Naval Depot.

ARRIVING from Fiji on visit

to her home city is Mrs. C. W. K. Vernon, formerly Margaret Evans, of Double Bay, with her husband and baby daughter Alison.

For the first time since she went to live in Fiji Margaret has managed to arrange her annual holiday to fit in with Ascham Old Girls' Union Ball, of which committee she was once a secretary. The ball will take place on March 30 at the Trocadero.

GALA opening of Sydney Gladium ushers in new season of what is probably the most popular active sport for all ages.

Invitations to the opening go out to many enthusiasts, including Mrs. Bertram Ford, Mrs. L. Reading, actress Gwen Plumb, Charles MacLurean, and Dr. Frank Bellingham.

Guests before donning their own skates are entertained with exhibitions by 17-year-old Loretta Brain, who is claimed to be Sydney's most promising young skater, and to bear a great resemblance to Sonja Henie at the same age, and a duet by 12-year-old Alan Gaunter and Elaine Vasek.

joyce

who
me?

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you, young lady...

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ULTRA MODERN department store at Houston, Texas, is an example of art in industry, as planned and designed by Raymond Loewy Associates. Loewy, who founded the firm, is a leading industrial designer, famous among other things for his design for the new Studebaker car.



Fortune in industrial art

Frenchman designs garbage cans, cars, soap wrappers, trains

By a New York correspondent

As the biggest industrial designer in the United States, Raymond Fernand Loewy, at 56, is the dominant figure in a field which has mushroomed into a major phenomenon of American business in less than a quarter of a century.

Loewy designs range from streamlined garbage cans to streamlined trains and cars.

AS the "great packager," who tricks up boxes and labels, designer Loewy lures U.S. consumers into buying more soap, lard, perfume, and hair oils. If he did nothing more than such trivial things, consumers might well wonder what benefit, if any, they get from his work.

But he works just as hard making things better and more usable. His new vacuum cleaner is the first designed to be hung up flat against a cupboard wall.

Not until the late '20's did Loewy, Norman Bel Geddes, and a handful of pioneers including Walter Dorwin Teague, Henry Dreyfuss, Harold Van Doren, Lucille Guild thrill the industrial world with art for the Machine Age.

Little by little the hardy, struggling hand proved that their artistry could draw the prettiest curve of all to businessmen—an upward-sweeping sales curve.

To-day many big companies have design departments of their own. Smaller ones depend on free-lance specialists like Loewy.

French by birth, suave, grey-haired, medium-sized (5ft. 10in.), Loewy has a face that is reposed, gentle, sad, and as inscrutable as that of a Monte Carlo croupier.

Everything he does calls attention with skilled showmanship to his work, so that observers at times get the strange feeling that he, too, is a design—by Loewy, of course. Some idea of the scope of Loewy's business may be obtained by spending a working day with him.

This is what happened one day recently:

As Loewy flipped a bedside switch, soft indirect light spread over walls made of egg-crate fibre and over a group of improbable furnishings—a Tahitian drum, Congo ceremonial sword, Chinese helmet, Moroccan fly-switch, Senegalese war hatchet, and grotesque Zulu masks.

He gets some of his best ideas in

bed, so he reached for the ever-present memo pad beside his pillow and scribbled a cryptic note:

Why not a suction cap for shaving-cream tubes?

The idea captured, frail as it was, Loewy went back to sleep until a Loewy-designed alarm clock tinkled at 7 a.m., turning him out into a world filled with the products of his night and day dreaming.

In his black, beige, and bronze bathroom, with its motif of Nubian slaves, he plugged in his Loewy-designed Shick electric razor, used a toothbrush and tube of toothpaste he had modelled for Pepsodent, tore off the wrapper he had designed for Lux soap.

Even the expensively tailored grey suit he put on was his own snugly fitting creation. Its special features: inch and a half cuffs on the sleeves, which could be replaced when frayed (a designer's fray quickly).

In the combination living and dining room, glittering with thousands of flecks of gold-colored plastic thread woven in chairs, sofa, and carpet, the huge mirror forming the far wall parted. Through it, from her hidden boudoir, stepped Viola Loewy, his 28-year-old bride of less than a year, to join him at breakfast.

Staff of 143 experts

After eating, Loewy descended ten floors to his spanking new 1950 Studebaker convertible waiting at the curb. That he had designed, too—along with all the Studebakers since the war—and thereby helped set a new fashion in automobiles.

Loewy's own car had a few special flamboyant frills: a plastic tail-fin, a tiny gold grilled air scoop above the emblem on the hood, recessed door handles, porthole windows, and other eye-catchers to start tongues a-wagging with the name of Studebaker—and Showman Loewy.

Loewy and his 143 designers, architects, and draftsmen were busy this particular day spreading

his name and fame on a dozen projects.

Their new two-level Greyhound bus (the Scentcruiser) was being road-tested on Michigan roads. For California they were planning a State fair.

Hardly had Loewy stepped into his muted grey and beige penthouse offices high above Fifth Avenue when more jobs rolled in. A television maker wanted him to draw up sketches for a new line of cabinets. "Fine," said Loewy. "I spent 2000 dollars on my own set and it hasn't worked right since I bought it."

From a luxury magazine came a phone call: How about an article on theatre design? "Wonderful," said Loewy. "I've been waiting for a chance to tell everyone what's wrong with theatres." Then he paced nervously through cubicles where his associates were planning new designs for everything from tiepins to locomotives.

He looked over models of the interiors of three new ocean liners for American President Lines, hurried on to pick up a new bottle for Lever Bros. Loewy thought it would be nice to put some kind of shock absorber on the bottom. ("The clash of glass against a sink isn't good.")

From his pocket he whipped out his hasty design for the tube-top made as a suction cup (to hold the tube against the wall while in use). "Make one up and I'll try it at home for a week or two," he said.

Designer Loewy, who likes good food, but likes a trim figure better (he keeps his weight close to 12-stone by diet and massage), worked on through the lunch hour, pausing only for an apple and saccharine-sweetened coffee. Then, in and out of workrooms again. He stopped by a drafting board littered with new tiepin designs, picked up a pencil, and drew an arrowhead and part of the shaft.

"Work some up like this in gold or black—or maybe burgundy," he said in the tone of a suggestion.

Stumbling on some outdoor cooking grills which had been brought in for redesign, he recovered his balance, murmured "terrible," and rushed off for a rub-down and massage at the New York Athletic Club.

Loewy's business is now so large that he has three working partners, and branches in Chicago, Los Angeles, South Bend, Ind., and in London.

He takes on jobs for as little as 500 dollars (£170 approx.), or as much as 200,000 dollars (£70,000 approx.).

If he were asked to redesign a sewing needle he says he would charge 100,000 dollars, for how can



BREAKFAST in Manhattan apartment for Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Loewy. Decor includes blithe mixture of modern mirror fireplace, Oriental shrine, and a collection of modern art hung frame to frame on one wall.



OBSERVATION car of a Scenicruiser designed by Raymond Loewy Associates for the Greyhound Bus Corporation in America.

you improve a needle? It's like the perfect functional shape of an egg. A tractor is an easier proposition. There are so many ways to make it better looking.

A small problem often leads to much bigger ones. For example, the job of streamlining International Harvester's tractors led to designing a distinctive new building in which to sell them (1125 were built).

Loewy's first job for the Pennsylvania Railroad was designing a garbage can. That was successful, so he went to work blue-printing a new locomotive. He rode on engines for thousands of miles, noting such things as the absence of a toilet for the crew (he installed one), and the way that smoke sometimes obscured the engineer's vision (he devised a vane to deflect it). Since then he has designed whole trains for Pennsylvania, and new stations as well.

Now he is pondering the biggest problem of all—a better and more profitable way to handle freight.

When he began designing the postwar Studebaker, Loewy decided that cars were too bulky, too laden with chromium, "spinach and schmalz," had too many blind spots. Streamline, grace, and better visibility was the objective.

The car must look fast, in motion or not. If it looked stationary it was a dead pigeon. He wanted one as alive as a leaping greyhound.

His staff in the Studebaker plant was increased to 39. Designing began. A dozen models incorporating ideas from different designers were

"mocked up" in clay, a quarter of the real size.

When the cover was whipped off the final model—full size—it was immediately accepted.

It clicked so well with buyers that in the past three years Studebaker has broken all its peace-time records for sales and profits.

Loewy first dreamed of building cars and locomotives in Paris, where he was born and spent the first 26 years of his life. His father, Maximilian, was a Viennese journalist; his mother, Marie Labalme, a sturdy Frenchwoman, who prodded her children continually by telling them: "Better to be envied than pined."

Raymond, the third of three sons, filled his school notebooks with so many sketches of locomotives, cars, and planes that his parents sent him to engineering school.

Decor in the trenches

His studies were interrupted by World War I. At the front he decorated his dugout with flowered wallpaper, draperies, and tufted pillows. He made a new pair of pants because the army issue pants were badly cut. He "enjoyed going into action well dressed."

After four years of war, during which he was badly burned by mustard gas, he came out a captain, with a row of ribbons on his chest, and no money. He had just 40 dollars left when he sailed for America to join his brother Georges, a doctor in Manhattan.

He got a job doing fashion illustrations for "Vogue," but the Parisian suavity of the dapper

young officer, still in his horizon-blue uniform because he had no other clothes, was to take him much farther.

One day in 1927, at a friend's home, he met Britain's Sigmund Gestetner, maker of duplicating machines, the design of which had not been changed appreciably in 30 years.

Loewy built a clay model of what it could look like, and Gestetner paid him 2000 dollars for it. It was used for 15 years, and Loewy got a yearly retainer not to design for competitors.

Overnight the fashion artist decided to become an industrial designer.

But it wasn't easy, and at first he barely sold enough to keep body and penthouse together for his first wife. (Divorced in 1945, they are still good friends.)

His first big chance came when Sears Roebuck and Co. hired him to dress up the Coltsport refrigerator. He got 2500 dollars for the job and it cost him three times that amount, but he was paid 25,000 dollars for his next job for the firm.

His reputation was made. Fortune followed fame.

Now he spends part of the winter in his 100,000-dollar dream home in the desert, near Palm Springs, California, where the swimming pool curves into the living-room. Summer finds him at one of his three homes in France—at the Cote d'Azur, his 16th-century manor at Rambouillet, near Paris, where his woods teem with game, or in his Quai d'Orsay apartment, which is decorated with pink-shafted, braced halberds tied with bows, and crystal chandeliers.

In his Manhattan flat he has lithely mixed a modern mirror fireplace, French period pieces, an Oriental shrine, and a crystal chandelier, reminiscent of Versailles.

His considerable collection of modern art is hung frame to frame on one wall.

Loewy claims there are still new frontiers to establish, vast unexplored regions of ugliness and inefficiency. Mailboxes which look like alarm boxes, banks which look like places to break out of are on his list.

There is no lack of fresh worlds to conquer, says Loewy.

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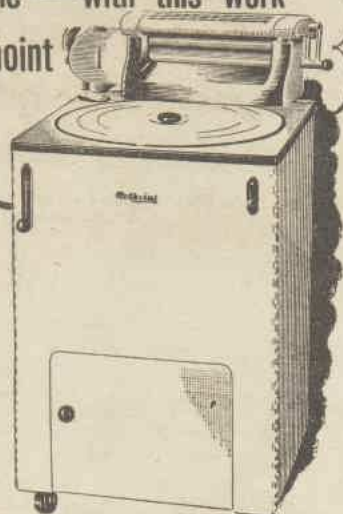
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Look Before You Love

Continued from page 4

ANN handed him a trowel from the basket by her side. "Scoop it out, stick 'em in, pat it down," she instructed. They worked along the row without speaking for a few minutes.

"The call of the soil," he said. "It's wonderful!"

Ann wrinkled her nose and sat back on her heels.

"The gentleman farmer talking. But I've been plugging these wretched things in like light bulbs since eight-thirty. I'm sick of it."

"Quit. Strike. Picket. This is the twentieth century. Labor has rights. Hadn't you heard?"

She was trowelling again. "I had, but Tom hasn't. He'd go berserk if I didn't have them in by the time he gets back."

"Oh?" Larry said, his heart behaving strangely. "He's quite a caveman type, this husband of yours."

Ann was looking at him curiously. "My what, did you say? This — what was the word you used? — of mine?"

"Husband, of course," Larry said.

"Partner, spouse."

"Jokes," she said briefly.

Larry in turn looked curiously at her. He got to his feet and slowly dusted his hands on his trousers.

What sort of game was she playing with him?

"Tom Wellyor," he said. "The man you stood up for the other night."

"What about it?" she said. "Sisters should."

"You mean —" Larry spoke slowly now. There were things he wanted to get perfectly straight. "You mean that you are not married?"

She pulled off her gloves and waved her left hand at him. It was ringless. "The shameful evidence," she said.

It came to him that this was the first time he had seen her without gloves.

"And you — you're not a slow-acting poison?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"But the car. It was registered in the name of Mrs. Ann Wellyor. This was to pinch himself."

"Daughters are often called after their mothers," Ann said reasonably. "I'd taken Mother's car into town that night to pick Tom up. He'd been having — well, domestic trouble, and things sort of came to a head that night."

"The girl that he's married to — you might describe her as a slow-acting poison."

"On me, Lois acts fast. And you thought I was Lois? That calls for some apologising."

She was standing now, facing him. Resolutely he turned down his first and immediate impulse. He couldn't just gather the girl into his arms.

"As a gesture of apology," he said, "how about dinner and a show to-night?"

She looked up at him quickly; her questioning eyes met his. There was surprise in them, and a flash of almost defiance.

"Sorry," she said. "Previous engagement."

Larry was disappointed by her refusal, and puzzled by the resentment in her expression. Had he gone too fast?

He drove aimlessly away, basking in the contentment that comes to a man who would ask no more of the world than has already been granted him. Little more, anyway.

Suddenly he pulled up to the side of the road. A thought, a very snake of a thought, had slithered into his Eden: Ann must be engaged.

He had allowed himself to be lulled into a fatuous sense of security by that ringless finger without ever considering that no girl would wear her engagement ring while gardening. No girl so attractive could escape being engaged.

To-night she would be in the arms of her fiancé, dancing to soft music, looking up into his eyes.

Larry pounded the wheel with his fist. He could not go back, say "Hello, it's me again, just checking up on a small item I overlooked before. Are you or are you not engaged?"

But somehow he must see Ann again. Soon. This new uncertainty was far worse than his former certainty that she was married.

The idea, when it came to him, he had to admit was not foolproof, but there was something like grand strategy in its scope.

He remembered seeing a placard in the little town, announcing that a dance was to be held there that night. It was worth taking a chance that Ann was going there.

By a quarter to ten the hall had filled, but Larry continued to watch the door. Then suddenly she was there. She came in with a group, and yet when he saw her it was as though she stood alone in the room. She wore a sea-green taffeta evening dress, and she was the loveliest girl in the room. She paused for a moment at the door, looked up at the boy with her, then went into his arms.

Dodging the dancers, Larry made his way towards her. He saw her left hand as it lay on the boy's shoulder. There was no ring on it.

And now, with so much to say, he could find no words when he asked her for the next dance.

"It's not exactly a compliment to a girl even to mistake her for a slow-acting poison," she said, as they began to dance. "The line is original, I admit, but I don't think it will ever catch on."

"But, Ann, I never did believe it. It was just what I'd heard about Tom's wife. Naturally, when I found you weren't married, that explained everything, changed everything."

"His voice was tender."

"It doesn't change your being married, does it?"

A couple collided with him, then glared. Hurriedly he drew Ann to the side of the room.

"I'm not!" he said.

"Not what, Mr. Enby?"

"Not married, of course. I'm single. Unattached. The tax collector's delight."

"But she telephoned you," Ann said, puzzled.

"Who?"

"Your wife."

"Impossible."

"When I was at your office, your secretary said she had rung."

He did remember Miss Potter's pointed remark that Mrs. Enby had telephoned. Odd, too. Old Potter had always said "your mother" before.

"Mothers often have the same names as their sons, Miss Wellyor," he said gently.

"Joke?" she asked.

"No joke," he said. The music had stopped and over Ann's shoulder he saw a boy bearing down on them. He recognised him as the boy Ann had arrived with. Larry took her arm purposefully.

"Would your escort mind if we went outside? I think there's been too much guessing going on. A little life-story telling would seem to be called for."

She smiled up at him. "If your invitation of this morning still holds, I'm with my escort now. I just came along with a gang. But I couldn't very well have accepted the invitation of a married man."

Inside, the music was starting again. "You know, I really like dancing after all," Larry said. His hand covered hers.

"I've always thought sailing could be fun." Their fingers intertwined. "It all depends on who you're becalmed with. I guess," Ann said.

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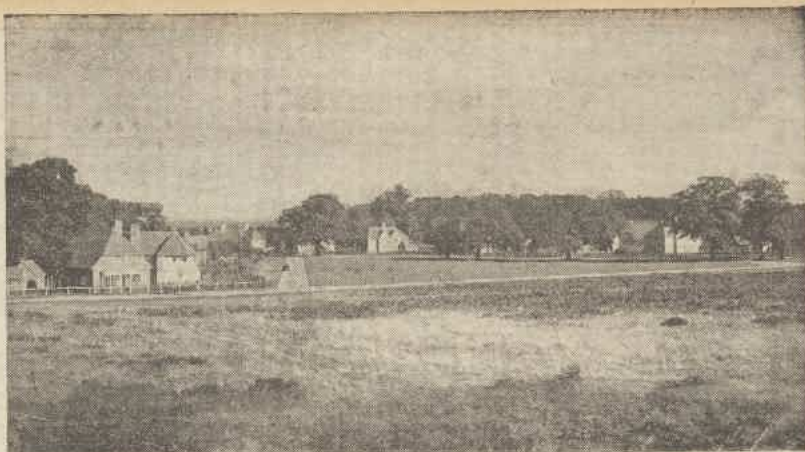
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BUILT in horseshoe formation round the village green, the King's new village for workers on the Royal Estate has an attractive woodland setting with views over Windsor Great Park (above and left). Every house in the village has the Royal Cypher on the wall.

New village where the King is the landlord

WINDSOR GREAT PARK tenants are the happiest in England. The King is their landlord; he charges the lowest rents, and sees that his cottages are comfortable. Plans for the village were drawn up during the war, but the houses were not erected until last year.

So the King was able to watch his village taking shape, because for part of the time it was being built he was at the Royal Lodge recuperating.

He used to ride over in his electric chair, and one of the workmen said he was "as good as a foreman on the job."

The architect, young Mr. Rodney Tatchell, whose father was architect to the King, drew up the plans for the village when he was on leave from Burma.

He says the King can read a plan as well as any architect.

The Queen took a great interest in the project, and helped to choose colors. Because she is fond of pink, some of the houses are a dusty-pink stucco, which blends pleasantly with others in multi-colored brick. Rents are 6/6 a week.

The houses are all-electric, with hot-water systems, extra bath-rooms and lavatories, and have such details as ironing boards that fit into the wall—with sleeve boards attached. Tool sheds, chicken coops, and bike stores are included.



CLOSE-UP of the village post office and store, which is kept by the wife of the King's Clerk of Works.



HOUSES vary in size and finish. Some are of hand-faced bricks, others finished in stucco. Three types have three bedrooms, one four bedrooms. Above is one of the four-bedroom type, designed with an attic.

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CRESSY looked round the room. "I'd better clean up," she said.

"Merely cleaning up is no good," said Dominic, rousing himself from thought to take charge. "What we must do is to put all your grandmother's objects d'art back in their places, and then she will be nostalgic quite happily for one evening and we can easily get rid of her. What a pity you sold the carpet."

"You seem to think we can shake her off like an over-ripe greengage. They're sticklers, my grandmother's friends are, I feel sure."

"I will shake her off," said Dominic, "you can leave that to me. Cressy can get the spare room ready, and we must rout out all the pictures and vases and the clock in a glass case, from the attic. Your grandfather can hang over the unicorn. Cape had better take the jeep and meet her at the station. Is she going to be alone, George? Are there any male Medmores?"

"How do I know?" said George, who remained despondent. "She wasn't married, but there might be hangers-on. She was younger than my grandmother, she'd only be about fifty-five. I wish she hadn't said 'Bringing rations.' That's what I don't like."

Pulling Strings
Continued from page 5

The gilt clock under a glass dome, set going, said twenty to three; George and Dominic lay in arm-chairs, looking exhausted but complacent.

George's grandfather, large, disapproving, and dark with varnish, glowered over the mantelpiece and concealed the unicorn. Two bronze horsemen reared in a hostile manner towards him from below, one on either side.

Rugs of conflicting patterns covered the paint splashes on the floor.

Past the window and down the drive towards the station roared the jeep, with Cape driving. He had been wrenched away from bedding something out; he looked livid.

"I forgot to tell him to clean it up," said George. "It's full of mud and cauliflower leaves. I suppose it doesn't matter."

"I brushed it out a bit," said Cressy. She stood on a chair dusting the picture frames.

"Magnificent," said George, "did you really? You've worked like a black. Look, go easy on those frames—I couldn't find the right sort of nails. You don't want to get

stunned by Sunset on Maggiore at a moment like this."

He looked round the room. "Do you think it's all right? It doesn't look quite the way it should to me. I can't remember where everything went."

"The geranium ought to be a fern," said Dominic. "And there were croquet mats on the backs of chairs, I think; but they could be at the laundry."

"Antimacassars," said George. "Cressy took them off and you wiped your brushes on them for months, and then they got thrown away."

"I suppose I ought to change my jacket," said Dominic, "and put on a tie. Or need I?"

"Unless you're going to keep your back to her for the rest of the day, I think you ought, Dominic. I'm just going to finish in the garden before she comes."

Dominic changed his coat and washed and came back to an empty room. Cressy had gone off to make cakes for tea.

He stretched himself out with his eyes shut, and when he opened them there was Cape, furious, with Miss Medmore and a young woman.

Please turn to page 25

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DOMINIC rose, and Miss Medmore was for a moment disconcerted, seeing black hair where she was prepared for light, and unexpected and different bones, and a face composed in a shape she did not remember.

"Oh," she said, "how you've changed—I always thought you were fair. Or can it—no, you can't be George—"

Dominic renounced an impulse to say ten years is a long time. He put on the alarming formality he used with strangers, and answered, "How do you do? No, I am not George, I live with him at the moment. My name is Dominic Quin."

"Oh, well—how do you do? You will know all about me," said Miss Medmore in a burst of relief and enthusiasm, "I was a great friend of George's grandmother, you know, and this is my companion, Miss Stanley—Ellen, this is Mr. Quin. We had to pass quite near here, and I did so want to see the house again."

She looked about her. "It does seem different in a way, but it hasn't really changed. It's so nice to be back."

At this moment George came in from the garden, approaching Miss Medmore from behind, and said he was sorry not to have been there before. Miss Medmore jumped.

Among her flutings about George's grandmother, and how delightful to see all the old things again, but surely the little Roman vase used to be on the bureau, and I believe you're taller than ever, George dear, and now tell me what you've been doing, Dominic sagged in his chair and slid glances at the gilt clock.

At four Cressy would bring tea. But it was not yet twenty to.

Miss Stanley was quite silent. Her large greenish-blue eyes moved from George to Dominic, from Dominic to Miss Medmore, who bounced and fluttered.

George behaved impeccably, but looked slightly anguished. He was trying to remember what it was Miss Medmore did, without losing his grip on the conversation in case she told him and he was too busy thinking to listen.

George's face cleared suddenly, he clapped a hand on his knee. "Now I remember," he said. "I know what it was you did. You were—"

At this very moment, as dramatically as when the unseen gunman in a film shoots someone who had just begun to talk to the detective, George's grandfather positively leaped off the wall over the mantelpiece and crashed in the hearth.

George had been right. They were indeed the wrong sort of nails. Miss Medmore gave a small shriek and jumped out of her chair.

In the stunned pause that followed, Dominic's idea came to him, complete. He picked up George's grandfather, saying, "I was afraid of that. It looks as if it has started again."

"What has?" asked Miss Medmore. She stood quivering slightly.

"He said, 'The manifestations. Poltergeist, you know. We had trouble with it once before.'"

"Poltergeist?" said Miss Medmore in a throaty whisper.

"Yes," said Dominic. "They are psychic disturbances that sometimes occur in houses. Nothing is ever

Pulling Strings

Continued from page 24

seen, but things are thrown around and there are noises, and they are very destructive—last time George was badly bruised by a pewter ash-tray."

"I don't think—" said George unhappily. Dominic gave him a hostile glance.

"Oh, good heavens," said Miss Medmore, "look!" She pointed a dry finger towards the wall.

"It's drawn something up there, where he was hanging—chalk," she said, peering. "A unicorn, holding a bed, and someone in it—oh, it's quite abnormal. No one human would draw that, would they?"

"No," said George, brightening up.

Miss Medmore seemed to be battling with some kind of violent emotion.

"It's incredible," she said. "It's the most extraordinary thing that it should be Frederick's portrait. He never liked me, you know—when he was alive he tried to stop me from seeing your grandmother."

This was easy. Dominic accepted it almost automatically.

"It is rather strange," he said, "because when we had the manifestations before it was the day a

see, I thought what happened with the picture just now was simply an indication of a hostile spirit, his, you know—but if you're sure the activities were really a poltergeist, that makes all the difference. No, I can't believe. It's really too wonderful."

"Oh, there's no doubt whatever—" Dominic stopped. "Too what?" he said.

"You see, it's my great interest in life," said Miss Medmore, the anonymous emotion now revealing itself only too plainly as rapture, "psychic research, that is. I've spent years on it, and we were just going off to explore one of two places in the Midlands, but this is far more enthralling."

"That's what I'd just remembered," said George dismally, "when it fell down."

"Oh," said Dominic. He could not believe that George expected him to back out at this stage.

"Then, of course, you will know all about them," he said to Miss Medmore. "They're an extremely interesting phenomenon, but the trouble is they are so very destructive and sometimes dangerous. The charm soon wears off."

"Some are harmless," said Miss Medmore.

"Ours is not," Dominic's eyes met

Miss Stanley's impassive stare, he looked away to a water color of Oberon, silently imploring it to fall.

Another manifestation must very shortly be organised; how, he did not know. Miss Medmore leaned forward: "Have you an adolescent female in the house?"

"Yes," he said, "we have a girl who works for us."

"Of low mental calibre?"

"One might say yes," said Dominic after a slight pause.

"Ah," said Miss Medmore.

Dominic was beginning to look strained. "Sometimes there is quite a long gap between manifestations," he said. "Last time they—"

Now for the moment he was saved. Through the door from the passage sailed a teacup, in a graceful parabola, and smashed itself against the window seat.

"Ah," said Miss Medmore again, entranced. George took out a handkerchief and dabbed at his temples.

"There, you see," said Dominic. "No one else in the house—Cressy will not be back till four. I'll go and make sure, and I can put the kettle on, too. I hope you will be safe in here—this was where it was most active before. Or perhaps George could show you your room and then you could look at the garden."

He watched their departure and then went down the passage to the kitchen. Cressy, in ankle socks but no shoes, stood by the table looking at once anxious and triumphant.

"Was that right?" she said. "It was the cracked one."

"It was genius," said Dominic. "I thought for a moment it might be just a manifestation of fury because I had to say you were of low mental calibre."

Please turn to page 28



man came to call who had always been on bad terms with George's grandfather. One of the bronzes was suddenly propelled right round the room in a half-circle, about shoulder height, and struck him above the left ear.

"That was the first time—there were other things, too," said Dominic, getting warmed up, "foot-steps, and water being poured on the beds, and so on, but they stopped after the ambulance had taken him away. It was odd, wasn't it?"

Miss Medmore, listening intently, ran her tongue along her lips. She asked, "What was his name?"

"Barrington-Lewis," said Dominic instantly.

"Barrington-Lewis. No, I can't quite—" Miss Medmore shook her head. "Perhaps a business acquaintance. But that doesn't matter, what concerns me is the poltergeist."

"Before I saw the drawing, you



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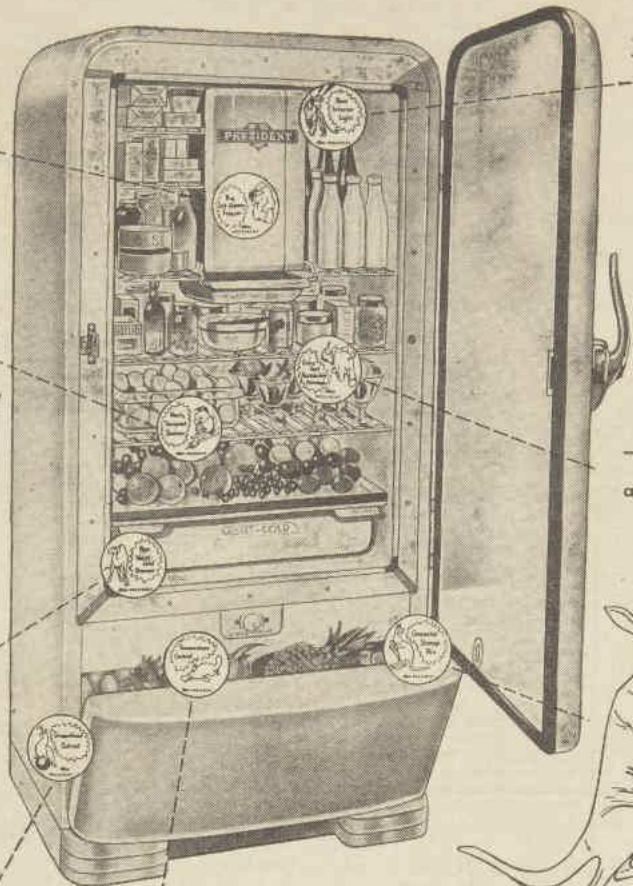


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It seems to me...

THE American who wants the U.S. Government to convert mountain caverns into H-bomb shelters for geniuses cannot have given his suggestion deep thought.

Otherwise he would see the weakness in his plan to save what he calls "geniuses whose survival is essential to civilisation." They include nuclear physicists (Professor Einstein among them), and outstanding experts in medicine, chemistry, and engineering.

Judging by the accounts we've been given of the complete wipe-out likely to result from H-bomb explosions, our present-day idea of a genius might not apply at all in the subsequent primitive set-up.

A man who could rub two sticks together to light a fire might be more useful than a nuclear physicist; a well-digger of more practical help than an engineer.

The man who has propounded this "save-the-geniuses" scheme doesn't mention female geniuses. Profiting by Noah's example he would surely intend to include some females, but he should make a careful choice.

The virtues of a female musician, mathematician, or dress designer would pale in the post-H-bomb era beside those of a lady who could produce an appetising goulash from a couple of radio-active lizards.

BOMBS do seem to keep obtruding this week, but I can't let pass the news that a U.S. toy firm has made an atomic kit for children.

The firm which sells these kits—at £17—says that with them youngsters can watch atomic disintegration and measure radio-activity.

Does that alarm you? Be philosophic about it. The little dears can't make a much worse mess of the home with atomic toys than their elders may eventually make of the world.

THE English company launched to sell holidays on the hire-purchase system should have no difficulty in disposing of its product, but more details would be interesting.

The report I read didn't make it clear whether the customer took possession of the holiday before making the payments (spread over nine months), but I rather think so. We all know the difference between lay-by (get your goods when they're paid for) and hire-purchase (pay for the goods after you've got them), and this was reported as a hire-purchase scheme.

At first glance it sounds most precarious, scraping up the instalments long after the suntan from the holiday has worn off, when the souvenirs are distributed, and you've forgotten who the people are in the jolly though out-of-focus snapshot taken on the hotel balcony.

But the plan is already in existence in modified form. Many the girl wage-earner who borrows the deficit between her holiday pay and a good splash from a parent, and many the independent wage-earner who runs up some horrifying credit accounts beforehand, facing them gloomily on return to slavery.

One point that interests me very much: If instalments aren't kept up, how does the company repossess?

NEW YORK policewomen are now issued with a handbag which contains compartments for cosmetic kit and a gun.

A colleague who is left-handed says morosely that probably no provision is made for that contingency, and that she would undoubtedly reach for her gun and pull out a powder-puff.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 18, 1950



Dorothy Drain

YOU often hear older people, brought up in more leisured and spacious days, deploring the noise and crush of much of today's home entertaining.

They think it's terrible to jam a lot of people in a small room, standing up with a glass in one hand and savories, bag, and gloves in the other.

But ease and quiet hasn't entirely disappeared from the modern entertainment scene, though it takes rather a new form.

I know a couple of actresses who, when they're feeling the strain of work and the social round, often ring up a friend and say, "Come to dinner and bring your book."

Hostesses and guests eat their dinner on trays, an armchair and a tray to each, and read peacefully throughout the meal.

Some people might think they should provide books from their own bookshelves, but asking visitors to bring their own is a courteous provision. It's bad enough breaking a Hostess' Crown Derby china, but you'd feel even more oafish if you dropped tomato sauce on her newest novel.

NEW ZEALAND deserves credit for its decision to admit 1000 elderly refugees as migrants.

They will come from a group of about 150,000 people who are in International Refugee Organisation camps in Europe, and who have not been eligible for ordinary migration schemes because of age or other handicaps.

The plight of this group when I.R.O. winds up its activities in June will be tragic. Apart from the sick and the aged, those barred from ordinary schemes include a large number of middle-aged and elderly professional men, unattached men over 45, unattached women over 40, and what are called "uneconomic" family groups—families with too many dependents to be self-supporting.

New Zealand's decision followed a gesture by Norway, which offered to take 50 blind people from this group and care for them.

Apart from purely humanitarian considerations, those left probably include many men and women who could give a few useful years to countries willing to take them.

WHEN the native editor of the Papuan Times visited Sydney not long ago he was much impressed with the way people bustled. He said that this sense of time was the chief impression he was taking back to Papua, and was much needed in his own country.

*In Papua they'll punch the bundy
(Excepting Saturday and Sunday),
And soon acquire the white man's habit
Of rushing like a frightened rabbit
And bolting breakfast, eye on clock,
While putting on his other sock.
Hurrah! Now progress marches for'ard
Embracing zones from cold to torrid.
Soon all shall toe assembly-lines
And fast will follow heartening signs
Of mankind's true equality;
For comes the day when we shall see
Both black and white get peptic ulcers
From racing time with hammering pulses,
And find, from Kokopo to Kenya,
No color bar to neurasthenia.*

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Pulling Strings

Continued from page 25

CRESSY grinned. "Cressy," Dominic said. "Yes," said Cressy, drawing in her breath. "There isn't time to say it now," said Dominic. "We've got about twenty minutes or half an hour, at least, if they go out in the garden. Will you help me? There may not be another chance to-night, not for me, anyway. Is the tea ready?"

"I got it as soon as they came. The kettle's on. We better mind they don't see us through the windows."

George took Miss Medmore and Miss Stanley on an exhaustive tour of his six acres.

Every time Miss Medmore spoke of poltergeists he said yes and no and went back to technicalities about glass.

"You mustn't let it upset you, George, dear," said Miss Medmore, "these psychic phenomena, I mean—you don't know how lucky you are. You're not worried, are you, George?"

"I don't like it," said George, with truth. He looked at Miss Stanley, who was examining the grapes. Miss Stanley turned and gave him a sudden clear and friendly smile.

"You must just see my cantaloupes," he said.

"Does your friend Mr. Quin help you in the garden, George?" asked Miss Medmore, allowing herself, though reluctantly, to be chivvied out of sight of the house.

"Well, he does a certain amount," said George, "but mostly he p—"
Remembering the unicorn, he stopped himself in the nick of time from saying "paints," and substituted the first thing he could think of, which turned out to be "plays the piano."

"Oh, is he really good—a professional? He does look rather artistic; I do hope he'll consent to—"

"I think tea must be ready by now," said George, raising anguished eyes from his cantaloupes, which Miss Medmore had ignored.

In the drawing-room Dominic got up from one of the chintz armchairs. George gave a lightning look round the room, but, since he had forgotten where they had arranged most of his grandfather's ornaments, he could not be sure whether anything had been altered or not.

"I hear Cressy," said Dominic. "Tea must be coming."

"Delightful," said Miss Medmore, "and after that I do hope you'll play, Mr. Quin."

"Of course," said Dominic, "if the poltergeists allow it, but I am not an expert on Blackwood or anything fancy like that."

"Modern composers are so difficult," murmured Miss Medmore, vaguely indirect.

"I was telling Miss Medmore," said George, rushing in head first before Dominic could start explaining the four five no-trump convention for slam bidding, "you were raining to be a concert pianist. She was hoping you'd play for us. What a pity about your hand."

"Most unfortunate," said Dominic. "I strained a muscle yesterday helping George."

"Oh, you must let Ellen look at it," said Miss Medmore, "she's a qualified masseuse."

"Which muscle," said Miss Stanley, unexpectedly producing a voice.

"The one up the middle," said Dominic. "There's really nothing to see. It just needs rest." He directed a hostile glance at George and let his hand fall out of sight over the arm of his chair.

Six feet behind Miss Medmore a small bamboo table glided briskly along the polished floor to the corner, turned round once, and fell over.

Miss Medmore let out a delighted scream.

"You see, it's begun again," Dominic said. He went and picked it up.

"Listen," said George, "something bumped upstairs."

"Yes," said Miss Medmore, enthralled. "I heard it too."

Footsteps began to thud over their heads, like someone demented pelting round and round a room. The lampshade swung, everyone stared at the ceiling, and Dominic wound a length of thread with one hand and transferred it to his pocket. The footsteps suddenly stopped.

"No one is upstairs," said Dominic.

"Of course not," said Miss Medmore. "It's all exactly right. Footsteps are one of the commonest phenomena in poltergeist cases."

Cressy came in from the passage door. Dominic looked at her to see if she was noticeably out of breath. She was not. He gave her a faint, private smile. Cressy said vacantly, "Shall I bring tea, sir?"

"Yes, please," said Dominic in a loud, firm voice. "Cressy, did you hear a noise upstairs?"

"Yes, sir," said Cressy. "I thought it were you."

"Where were you when you heard it, Cressy?"

"Where were I what, sir?" said Cressy, knitting her brows.

"Where were you when you heard the noise upstairs?"

"I bin in the kitchen since I come in, that what you mean?"

"That's what I mean," said Dominic. "You can bring the tea in now."

"Perfect," breathed Miss Medmore, watching Cressy blunder out. But Cressy came back from the kitchen empty-handed, at a lumbering trot.

"Here," she said, "someone bin in and put all the chairs up on the table and wrote on the wall. You look."

"While she was in here, you know," said Miss Medmore.

She pattered out to the kitchen after George. Dominic brought up the rear, to make sure Miss Stanley did not stay behind and examine all George's grandmother's ornaments for threads.

In the kitchen a pyramid of three chairs was piled on the table, a shoe was balanced on one, and over the whitewashed wall facing the door, MOVE was scrawled in red chalk.

"Oh, yes, yes," said Miss Medmore, and clapped her hands, "it's exactly what they do. Chairs get levitated, you know, and mysterious messages scribbled on walls—it's perfectly true to type."

Dominic reflected that if Miss Medmore found anything mysterious about MOVE she must be even thicker skinned than he had feared. Perhaps he should have written GO AWAY.

During tea footsteps began thudding round and round over their heads; and then a bell rang persistently from somewhere behind the fireplace.

During the bellinging Cressy came in with hot water; they were all in the drawing-room, and yes the sound went on.

When she returned to the kitchen Cressy resumed her normal expression of intelligence and continued her peculiar duties as methodically as if she were cooking.

She reached into one of the cupboard and removed a pound weight from the tail of a brass tortoise that George's grandmother had used as a table bell. She wound it up again and replaced the weight, and while it rang she went out into the garden and crawled on all fours under the drawing-room window.

Please turn to page 31

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WORTH Reporting

MANY of the 1000-odd Lone Scouts and Guides in Australia have never seen their patrol leader and never met more than two or three of their fellow patrol members.

They take part in the activities of the movement and do all their proficiency tests by correspondence. Some meet other Scouts and Guides when they attend the big Christmas camps.

One of the most scattered companies in Australia is the 1st Lone Company of Guides, whose leader is Miss Ila Johnston.

Miss Johnston lives between Lochmargat and Louth at the "back of Bourke." One of the members of her company lives at Goodooga, on the Queensland border, while another lives at Mathoura, on the Victorian border.

The formation of inland guide companies was first suggested by the Flying Doctor, John Flynn, who understood better than anyone the isolation of children in the outback.

The Fourth Lone Rangers is the only company in Australia for girls in the 16-21 age group. It is in charge of Mrs. Nancy Nossiter, of Sydney, a former Sea Ranger in England, who manages three young ladies as well as sending a monthly letter to her company of about 24.

Miss Iona Idriess, of Tennant Creek, daughter of the well-known writer, is the newest recruit in the Fourth Lones.

The Chief Lone Guide in N.S.W., Miss Katharine Lofth, points out with pride that the present Chief Guide Commissioner for the world, Lady Stratheden, was formerly a Lone Guider in Great Britain, so there is no position in the movement to which outback boys and girls cannot aspire.

Thanks come from reunited couple

THE Hon. Assistant Secretary of the Chelsea Branch of the British Legion has written to our London office:

"I shall be very grateful if you would kindly through your paper thank the many people in Australia who have sent parcels and money to Mr. and Mrs. Babbs, the reunited couple who thought each other dead."

"The British Legion has written and Mr. and Mrs. Babbs have written personally where we have had addresses, but many gifts have come anonymously."

Charles and Ada Babbs, 58 and 51, are the London couple, the heart-warming story of whose chance meeting in the street, when each thought the other dead, we published last December.

"Mr. and Mrs. Babbs," the letter continued, "have accepted the offer of a room in a house overlooking Regent's Park. They are now very happily collecting a home together."



"Why are you dissatisfied dear? You asked me to turn the collar, didn't you?"

Factories are closing in on The Outpost

TO make way for the expansion of Prince Alfred Hospital, and for encroaching factories, new premises may soon have to be found for one of Sydney's oldest kindergartens, The Outpost, Newtown.

It was first established, as the Victoria Lodge Kindergarten, in February, 1898, and in 1907 a new and model kindergarten to take its place was built on its present site.

In 1942, perhaps as a symbol of its survival, the kindergarten was renamed The Outpost, Newtown.

Records of The Outpost show that it was established originally with faith, no money at all, and a minimum equipment of two forms and a cupboard. After three months it boasted a piano, tables, chairs, and pictures on the wall, some of which were on loan.

Teachers had a hard job in those days teaching the children hygiene. Many children had to be taught to take a bath and it was necessary to keep a ready supply of clean clothing on the premises for those who arrived in not-so-clean apparel.

Happily, neither baths nor clean clothing are necessary parts of kindergarten equipment now.

Supporters of The Outpost will be busy helping in the big drive for funds during Kindergarten Week, to be held between March 29 and April 5.

New super nylons are patented

THE most revolutionary stockings since nylons are now on sale in the American market. A manufacturer has developed a super-nylon stocking adaptable to every type of shoe—shearer, but long-wearing, with five brand-new features. So revolutionary is this new hose that its inventors have applied for that rare thing in the fashion world—a patent.

The five innovations are: a special scientific weaving that gives cling and strength plus a dull finish; a sheer toe for sandals; a heel that gives a delicate decoration with open-backed shoes; a narrower reinforcement in the sole that doesn't show on the sides; and a darkened "shadow" seam which makes the hose look sheerer while slenderising the leg.

You've guessed it, of course. The prices are higher.

Bachelors' ironing is her business

IRONING shirts for helpless bachelors has developed into a full-time business for one enterprising Melbourne girl, Eily North.

When friends of hers started a "serve yourself laundry" in a Melbourne industrial suburb they found a lot of forlorn men who managed to do their own washing in the machines provided, but couldn't cope with the ironing.

Eily (her friends call her "Biddy") promptly rented the rooms upstairs, had power installed, and announced that she and her pressing irons were ready to help.

Now bundles of clean clothes ready for ironing are being left every day. She specialises in men's shirts, collars, and handkerchiefs, but does a steady trade also in women's overalls and uniforms.

In seven months the ironing business has expanded enough to take in an assistant, and Eily's sister Lilian is now "on the staff."

The girls charge per item—1/- for shirts, 1/2 for uniforms. They get through something like 500 shirts a week, and dozens of handkerchiefs and collars.

Ironing is nothing new to these sisters—they come from a family of seven children.

As a job, professional ironing is only one of many to Eily. Five and a half years out of ten spent in England were occupied in an administrative officer's job in the W.R.N.S. She returned to Australia in 1946 and became personnel officer in a textile mill. Later, she was domestic supervisor at the Alfred Hospital.

She says: Pure linen comes up best in the wash; linen-finished cottons and smooth poplins are a pleasure to iron, but rayons are unpredictable and difficult.

INCLUDED in the list of breeds entered for a recent charity dog show was a pointer. The secretary telephoned the exhibitor, suggesting that a mistake must have been made, and the entry intended for a flower show.

He was informed that the owner, who had entered the dog in the Most Appealing Eyes section, considered the classification correct as the dog's mother had been a pointer and its father a setter.

New card game teaches schoolboys Latin

DULWICH COLLEGE, one of Britain's oldest public schools, is encouraging its boys to play cards—in order to improve their Latin.

The game, "Latin Without Tears," is the idea of a Dulwich College classics master, youthful Mr. W. Darby. Intended to supplement existing methods of teaching, it is played in the classroom as part of a normal lesson, and is allowed to 11-year-old beginners in Latin as a reward for good work.

There are thirty cards in the pack. On one side in blue print are nouns in each of their five declensions and cases. On the reverse side in red are verbs in four conjugations with the "esse" and "posse" as the fifth. The game is won by the first boy to collect six cases of any one declension or six tenses of one conjugation.

To help fathers and mothers whose Latin is rusty Mr. Darby has provided a key. So if at home Jones Junior asks father "Have you the dative of the second declension?" father can furtively glance at the key to find that this is card No. 4.

"It is too early yet to judge results," says Mr. Darby. "But there is certainly a livelier interest. What is more, other schools have already been inquiring where these packs of cards can be bought."

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THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY

MARCH ISSUE

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Famous violinist plays tennis, bridge

From Our London Office

Australia's musical public is in for a surprise when violinist Alfredo Campoli arrives in the Orcaades next month for a series of recitals.

He is Alfredo Campoli up to date, and not by any means the Alfredo Campoli who has made himself so well known here through his Salon Orchestra recordings.

BEHIND his thick tortoiseshells he winces a bit at memories of these recordings, which have had such sturdy sales in Australia, and half-hour sessions of which are still featured on Australian radio.

Campoli's Salon Orchestra boys broke up twelve years ago. With their disbandment he gladly doffed the hated title of "King of the Light Classics" which Britain bestowed on him in the 'thirties, and set about becoming a serious musician again.

This may seem like biting the career that fed him.

In the eight years starting from the deep in the trough of the depression the Alfred Campoli Salon Orchestra he then formed progressed blandly to the front rank in public popularity, and brought him wealth, a fine home and considerable leisure to enjoy it.

"But," says Campoli, selecting a cigar from a massive silver box, and raising his glass, "if it had not been for the depression I should never have had to resort to the high-class-light-music style of thing for my bread and butter."

"In those sad days magnificent musicians like Kreisler played to audiences of fewer than 50 people. It was a shattering business. Musicians were the first to go to the wall."



Now Campoli has reached top rank as a classical violinist, and handles with the acknowledged touch of a virtuoso a repertoire ranging from the cleverest of show pieces to unaccompanied Bach.

In the twelve years since he renounced Mammon for Art he has climbed from success to success under the batons of Sir Thomas Beecham, Sir Malcolm Sargent, Sir John Barbirolli, and Sir Adrian Boult.

It is with this, highly serious music that his tour is concerned, and I found Campoli reflecting uneasily that none of the classical recordings which he has made in this climb to fame have yet reached Australia to pave the way. Yet his recorded rendering of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, for example, is preferred by some leading critics in Britain to that of the famed Jascha Heifetz.

Under a phlegmatic and somewhat bulky exterior, Rome-born, British-

naturalised Alfredo Campoli is restless and intensely vital.

He thinks nothing of driving a hundred miles and more to give a recital that would reduce most hale men to a frazzle, then driving home again. He scorns a chauffeur.

At tennis, he has taken sets off a Davis Cup player. He is a crack at snooker and billiards.

Library of records

IN short he has the touch with which some are gifted to do all things well, and a few of them brilliantly. This is surprising when you see him come into the room at a gait which, given his bulk and yet his athleticism, may be described as "lumbering lightly."

Campoli is almost as keen on getting some good games of bridge in Australia as he is in about the success of his tour. For he is a dab at bridge.

"I never read anything except books on bridge or music," he told

me in the panelled quiet of his studio in North London.

Downstairs, in a brilliantly lit lounge, he has a rich mahogany-encased library of more than two thousand classical records.

"I can't stand dim lights," he says, turning on a couple more switches. His wife, Joy, attractive and equally vital, has just finished cataloguing the whole library. She acts as his secretary and business factotum.

"We met when I was a secretary to a producer at the B.B.C.," she told me. "I sometimes tease him and say he only married me because I was a good secretary. I am going to Australia with Alfredo to help keep him organised—he hates having to attend to business details."

"The Australian tour means this will be the first Wimbledon Tournament he has missed seeing in 26 years. We are great fans of your Frank Sedgman and are convinced he is destined to cart off the Wimbledon Championship."

"The sea trip also means the first



FAMOUS VIOLINIST Alfredo Campoli and his attractive wife are bridge and tennis enthusiasts. Campoli's Australian tour means that he will miss the Wimbledon Championships for the first time in 26 years. At left, Campoli, who practises for six hours every day, photographed with his Guadagnini violin made in Turin in 1776, which he will take with him to Australia.

proper holiday he has had in almost as long—provided I can keep him away from his six-hour practice every day!" Mrs. Campoli said.

Campoli has never been to a music school. But his father was a professor of the violin and leader of the Santa Cecilia Conservatoire in Rome. He played with Toscanini in the same orchestra. His mother was a prominent dramatic soprano, who toured for years with Scotti and Caruso.

Campoli's outward calm and inward vitality may be explained by the fact that he was born in Rome, but came to Britain as a child. He has a Latin temperament clothed in the calmness acquired by a traditional British upbringing. And since his arrival as a child in 1911 he has never been back to Italy. Not even for a holiday. Not even out of curiosity.

In outlook, way of life, accent, in fact in all but name, Campoli has become wholly British.



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Pulling Strings

Continued from page 28

MISS MEDMORE was just saying, "In most cases the disturbances tail off gradually, you know, but sometimes—" when a shower of dried peas fell round her, rattling on the polished floor like hail. Three or four splashed in her tea.

"Yes—yes, of course," she cried. "Often it's pebbles, but there was one case of haricot beans; I remember reading about it—yes, it's quite common."

Opening his mouth to say that on the former occasion most of the manifestations had been harmless but the dangerous ones occurred quite unexpectedly, Dominic was frozen on the first words by a bellow from Cape outside the window.

Cape had come round the corner of the house with George's rubber-tired wheelbarrow and found his daughter grovelling on all fours and throwing dried peas through the drawing-room windows. Speechless, he watched while she backed out of the flower-bed, and then found his voice and let fly: "Wat you think you're doin'?"

Dominic turned an agonised glance on George; Cape was difficult to handle.

"Excuse me," said George, and went to the window and called to Cape. "Is that Merritts' dog again? Hang on and I'll come and give you a hand."

He grimaced Cape into silence. Cressy shot out of sight between them, and George swung his legs over the sill and disappeared.

Dominic leaned back in his chair. Now he is doing better, he thought. He said, "It's the sheepdog from the farm. Sometimes it gets in and runs over George's seedlings, which is very distressing to him."

He wondered if Cressy had been put off by encountering her father. But no, she went on doggedly. Thumps shook the ceiling, and another kind of bell rang—the kind that tinkles.

George came back from peering into Cape, with an exhausted air. Dominic was beginning to fire himself. His admiration for Cressy increased with every thud.

George saw Dominic looking meditatively at the bronzes on the mantelpiece. He said how would it be if they all went for a walk.

"Oh, come on," said George with a rush of determination.

"I think perhaps if you will excuse me," said Dominic. "I had better go."

"Oh, nonsense," said George, turning uncharacteristically heavy. "We'll all go. Exercise does us good. You're too slack, you artistic chaps. You'd like a walk, wouldn't you, Miss Medmore?"

"Well, I—just a short stroll, yes," said Miss Medmore feebly.

"I will take the tea things out," said Dominic, "and join you in the garden."

When Dominic emerged through the kitchen door George manoeuvred Miss Stanley on to Miss Medmore and fell behind with Dominic.

"You are an ungrateful and unhelpful clod," said Dominic, talking angrily out of the side of his mouth.

"Well, I'm sorry about that," said George. "The point is, what are we going to do now?"

"The only thing to do," Dominic said, "seems to be to get rid of Cressy for a day or two, and then the poltergeist can stop, and Cape will look after us, and what with Cape's cooking and no manifestations she ought to be gone in no time. Miss Medmore, I mean."

"All right. Well, what are we going to do with Cressy?"

"That is what I have on my mind. I think I am going to marry her."

George stood in the middle of the path, staring. He said, "Marry Cressy?"

"Why not?"

"It's rather a shock," said George. "Have you asked her yet?"

"No, I can't say I have exactly asked her, but something happened in the kitchen just now that encouraged me rather."

"I suppose you mean you kissed her and she liked it. You'd better take her to her aunt's this evening and talk it over—let's catch them up now before they begin to suspect."

Dominic, outmanoeuvred, found himself walking beside Miss Stanley, while George and Miss Medmore went on in front.

George's head was bent earnestly. He was explaining to Miss Medmore that Cressy wanted to stay with her aunt for a night or two because of the noises. Now, he said, they would all be able to sleep.

"Yes," said Miss Medmore with a kind of glum resignation, "of course, I see it's all very difficult for you. In any case," she said, "we have to leave in the morning. I've booked at a hotel in Shrewsbury, and we're lunching with some friends."

"Oh, yes," said George. He passed a hand over his forehead.

"What delightful weather!" said Dominic to Miss Stanley.

"Yes."

"I hope you don't find the country too dull."

"Oh, no," said Miss Stanley, "it's most entertaining."

"Some people find it tedious. We have to arrange our own amusements, but perhaps it's good for us to organise them."

"By pulling strings?" said Miss Stanley gently.

"Shall we go this way?" said Dominic, opening a gate. "It's a little quicker."

IN the dining-room Cressy laid a cold supper and left it ready.

After supper George lit a small fire. It was getting cold. In about a quarter of an hour he intended to propose a walk, and, since the manifestations would have stopped, he thought a fire would be an alternative inducement to Miss Medmore to stay behind. Through the window, they saw Dominic and Cressy drive away in the jeep.

"She seems a nice little girl, George," said Miss Medmore kindly. "They're often very good workers, too. Not having much intelligence doesn't seem to affect the way they cook. I wonder what she'd think if she knew she was really the cause of all the phenomena."

"I can't imagine," said George, opening two more windows.

"Of course it would be impossible to explain," said Miss Medmore. "What a delicious fire!"

"Yes," said George. He cleared his throat and swallowed. "Would you like to come for a walk?" he said.

"That would be lovely," said Miss Stanley.

When she was left alone Miss Medmore pulled up her chair close to the fire.

She put her head on one side and listened, but no bells rang. She looked round the room, but all the furniture stayed still.

Suddenly there was a pinging sound—perhaps the heat had expanded the threads in the cord where Cressy had cut them not quite through. Down from the wall above the mantelpiece swooped George's grandfather again.

Emerging head and shoulders from the canvas, imprisoned in the frame, Miss Medmore sat there smiling beatifically.

It was nothing to do with adolescent females. It was his personal message from the Other Side.

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You'd be wise to follow his lead. He knows the importance of healthy, well-groomed hair, and he uses Napro Hair Vitalizer for Men. Napro Hair Vitalizer is a scientific preparation to keep the scalp and hair healthy . . . to remove dandruff . . . and to keep hair well groomed without greasiness. Get a tube to-day!



N. 70-20



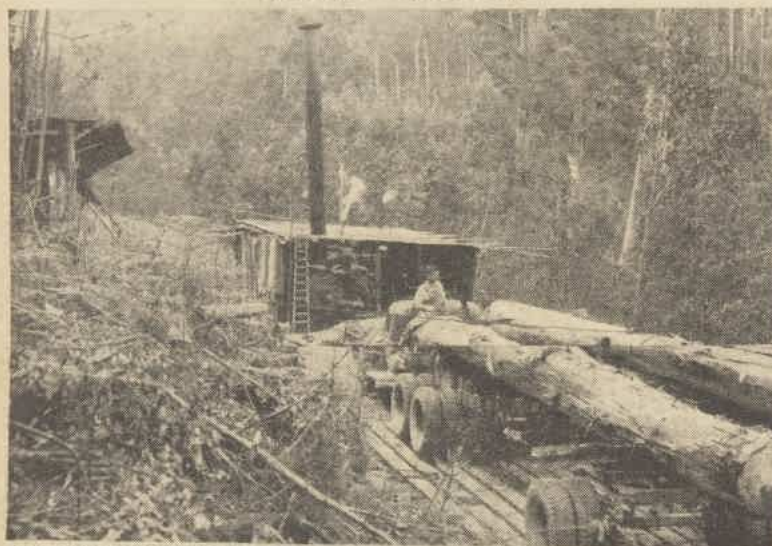
TREE-FALLERS Bill Flannagan and Jack Mitchell use scarf in direction they want tree to fall, then fall tree by sawing through trunk from other side. Tree-fellers work together as teams of right-handed and left-handed axemen.



"TIMBER!" is traditional warning cry which rings throughout the forest as a tree falls. Axemen give cry to warn bush workers of danger of tree itself and flying limbs.



WHISTLE STRINGER Axemen couple sniggling wire rope up valley from top.



LOGS LOADED on trailer at log landing after being hauled up half a mile from valley below by winch. Winch engine, manned by Larry Sullivan, is in shanty at left. Larry works alone and gets home to Powelltown only at the week-ends.



THE RITZ, cottage home of former mill-worker Bob Thompson (at gate). Bob, who retired last year, bought cottage "fully furnished" for £2 about thirty years ago. Bob laments that he was born 50 years too early, says life is now really worth living for timber-getters—just as he's "wearing out." Powelltown has population of 500, including 138 children. —Pictures by staff photographer K. I. Holt.

GIGANTIC SALVAGE WORK

Fire-ravaged forests saved by Victorian ten-year plan

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

One of the greatest timber salvage undertakings in the world is now nearing completion in Victoria.

From a four-million-acre cemetery of dead trees in forests devastated by bushfires in 1939, more than thirteen hundred million super feet of timber have been rescued.

It has been a ten years' race against time and the elements to salvage the wood for domestic use before it deteriorated.

Authorities estimate the "save" represents millions of pounds.

Experts and workers behind the scheme include Victorian Forests Commission staff, C.S.I.R.O. scientists, the saw-milling industry, and members of the Timber Workers' Union.

Thousands of trees killed by fire were treated by "end coating" with

a petroleum preservative to protect them from decay and insect damage.

The job also involved the use of new machinery, including a sprinkler system for summer; death of felling, and building up

The process is a third age old, getting. Outlets and steam in mechanised work.

It is also a domestic industry.

Instead of being grouped in the heart of the risk is high, and are now in miles from the felled.

On a high country in Victoria, town, Victoria's last bush town on trees for fuel.

Powelltown, in the Range, and room about 300 all States and their families. East-West Railway of Victoria's and Powelltown is anti-white and known as Posh.

Sleepers with a ture of treating white ants.

The suggestion is a success. Let wood blocks to streets.

But Powelltown because of the main ash for boards.

The original mill passed into the Victorian in 1912. It is an important saw and one of the does the entire there in 30-40 as flooring and

Life at Powell the mill, set up the town with almost every in the 500-600

About 50 the mill and rentals from 30 according to the at the rate of 1/



REGENERATION in fire-swept mountain ash forest country. Seeds dropped in ground by now dead parent trees before 1939 bushfire give promise of rich, new mountain ash forests. It takes mountain ash sapling ten to fifteen years to mature enough to drop seed itself.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 18, 1950



Log, of Powelltown, un-
der girls log in its journey
to log landing.

SNIGGING (hauling logs) along forest path. Bulldozer driven by
Don Reid, of Yarra Junction, hauls out heavy log. Mechanisation
of industry has speeded up timber-getting.

WORK ON DEAD TIMBER

conservative. This
under from splitting
stage.
involved 7000 miles
building dams for
logs for log dumps in
various methods:
sawing, and dumping;
dumps as fire-shelters;
logs brought with it
the history of timber-
the bullock wagon
has emerged the
and on timber.

to revolutionising the
timber-getters.
small communi-
small mills in
forest areas where fire
logs-milling centres
planned as far as 50
where the trees are

through the timber
the picturesque Powell-
the flat and possibly
which depends wholly
existence.

the Great Dividing
up like a mush-
years ago, when from
timber men and
tent sleepers for the
line. In the heart
mountain ash country,
its name from an
processing formula
claiming.

centrated with a mix-
and arsenic to kill
and sleepers were not
they were used as
to pave Melbourne

own itself flourished.
value of stately moun-
taining and weather-

and only surviving
to the ownership of
Hardwoods Company
all one of the most
mills in the State
in Australia which
job. Trees arrive
lengths and leave
weatherboards.

down revolves round
it in the middle of
thrust-cuts to it from
the wooden cottage
of township.

ones are owned by
to employees at
and 5/- a week.
Rent is assessed
a room.

There are houses in Powelltown
which have most of the amenities
of a modern city flat. But it is the
tiny grey-with-age weatherboard
homes overhung by huge trees which
give the town its individuality.

At the Working Men's Club you
hear how timber-getting claimed an
average of about a life a year before
conditions were brought up to date.
"Now serious accidents are usually
the result of carelessness," wiry Ken
Loutit explained.

Barber and unofficial "mayor"
of the town is Bob Wake, who de-
cided that "falling hair was easier
than falling trees" about ten years
ago. He was "smacked" by a mill
engine and sent flying into the air
by a crack under the chin which
broke his jaw, and every rib in his
body in the descent.

During war service as a carpenter
he practised hairdressing and set
up in business when he was de-
mobbed. He was one of the prime
movers for a Working Men's Club
about four years ago.

The club has meant a lot to this
hotel-less township. Here timber-
getters and mill workers meet for a
yarn after tea at night and play
billiards, table-tennis, cards, or darts.

Lonely work

ALTHOUGH admittance is limited
to members only, premises and
a locker for afternoon tea equip-
ment are lent to the Powelltown
Mothers' Club for meetings, and
once a month there is a ladies'
night.

Contract loggers, brothers Harold,
Frank, and Alf Cole, call the tune
with a "squeeze-box," drums, and
banjo-mandolin orchestra.

These social get-togethers mean a
lot to the bush workers, most of
whom work in small isolated groups
out in the forest all day.

Some, like winch engine driver
Larry Sullivan, come home into the
township only at week-ends.

He's by himself out in the bush
all day driving a winch which hauls
up 30-foot logs from half a mile
away, down in the valley below.

Larry says he's too busy concen-
trating on his job to be lonely. "I
wouldn't work in the city at any
price," he says. That's how most
timber-getters feel. It's the freedom
of bush life that gets them.

One of the most surprising things
about modern methods of big timber-
getting is that the seemingly most in-
accessible trees are felled first in
new areas.

Trees farthest away from the road
are first to fall to axemen so that
the others between them and the
roadway can be used as lead trees to
hold steel ropes which haul up to
five-ton logs brought out of the forest
by steam winches along a snig track.
Snigging is the term used for hauling
logs along the ground.

By means of a hush telegraph,
whistle stringers guide enormous logs
up tortuous tracks. When the
whistle stringer tugs a wire strung
aloft it blows the winch whistle.

By a series of stop and go signals,
the whistle guides the winch-driver
when to haul and when to pause.

Eventually—after anything from
ten minutes to a couple of hours—you
see logs slither out of the thick
undergrowth like monster earth-
worms, guided by strong chains. They
are swung on to trucks by the
winch like chocolate bars.

In parts of the forest where the
grade is not too steep bulldozers and
tractors replace steam winches.

Forest lands are divided into dis-
tricts by the Forests Commission.
District officers take a three-year
diploma course in Forestry.

At Powelltown, John Costick, Dis-
trict Forester for the Upper Yarra
Forest District, has 1600 square miles
of forest lands under his charge.

His duties include allotting areas
to be worked, checking the quantity
of timber taken out, and fire pro-
tection.

Powelltown has just escaped being
wiped out by bushfires three times
in the past twenty years. There are
cemeteries in the district where up
to 14 bushfire victims have been
buried at a time.

However, these days when hot
north winds blow and fire risk is
particularly high timber-getters and
their families go to bed at night
with a sense of security.

Throughout the timber-getting
country dugouts have been built in
towns and the bush to accommodate
from eight to 150 people.

It is estimated that bushfire
escapades could shelter in them for
up to four, possibly more, hours
while fire raged overhead.

Very similar to air-raid shelters,
they are built down in the ground
like cellars, and into the sides of hills.

A fine sports oval built since the
last big fire also gives Powelltown
residents a greater feeling of safety.

"I'd rather duck into the pool at
the cricket ground than have to sit
in a dugout," said rugged old Boer
War veteran Bob Thompson.



TREE-CLIMBER at work scales 250ft.-high stately mountain ash to top off top with his axe. He
then attaches wire rope, bullheel, which connects with winch haulage ropes for haulage of logs
out of valley. Tree climbing is highly skilled job commanding good wages, as only the occasional
timber-worker makes a speciality of this type of work.

Stop that fly -he's dangerous...



Every fly is a dirt-and-disease-laden menace. His favourite crawling places . . . outside your home . . . are loathsome. His hairy legs are efficient instruments for collecting and carrying filth and germs. Screenwire is the surest protection against these disgusting, dangerous pests—it keeps flies out of your whole house all the time. Fit your home with Screenwire Screens and Doors so that flies can't get in.

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wind and water
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Your hair gets hungry in this
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every morning supplements
the natural scalp oils and
guards against dry
scalp and lifeless
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"Vaseline" Hair Tonic helps
clear away loose dandruff and leaves
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protected all day. Give your hair this special
care. Ask for "Vaseline" Hair Tonic.
Your hair looks better, your scalp feels better.

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Double care—both Scalp and Hair

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Christieburgh Mfg. Co. Con'd.



MY 1

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian ser-
vant, have been carried off by a
huge bird. In an aeroplane
PRINCESS NARDA: Sets off in
pursuit; but one of the birds seizes
her plane in mid-air. Meanwhile,
Mandrake and Lothar have been

dropped on a barren island, and
meet its ruler
THE BARON: Who tells Mandrake
he was exiled to the island for
treason, and found buried in the
ice huge eggs, eons old. Exposed
to the warmth the eggs hatched
into huge chicks. **NOW READ
ON:**



"FINALLY, THE BIRDS BECAME SO LARGE THEY WERE
ABLE TO CARRY ME ABOUT ON THEIR BACKS. WE
HUNTED AT SEA—PULLING LIVE SHARKS OUT OF
THE WATER."



"STILL THEY GREW AND GREW! SOON, THEY BROUGHT
EVIDENCE THAT THEY HAD FLOWN ALL THE WAY TO THE
MAINLAND."



"THEN ONE DAY IT CAME TO ME! A BIRD OF LEGEND
EXTINCT FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS! THE LARGEST
FLYING CREATURE IN ALL HISTORY STOOD BEFORE
ME—THE FABULOUS **ROC!**"



"MY GIANT ROC BECAME
FINE RETRIEVERS" SAID
THE BARON. WHEN
THEY SAW THAT IT
PLEASED ME, THEY
BROUGHT MORE THINGS
FROM THEIR RAIDS ON
THE MAINLAND."



ONE DAY A ROC RETURNED WITH A
JAIL—COMPLETE WITH OCCUPANTS.
—WHO ARE NOW MY TRUSTED AIDS!



"NOW I HAVE MANY PEOPLE
WORKING FOR ME AND DOING
MY BIDDING—EVEN AS YOU SHALL
SAYS THE BARON.
"I'VE NO INTENTION
OF WORKING FOR
YOU," LAUGHS
MANDRAKE.

"I AM MASTER OF ROC ISLAND—MY WORD IS LAW!
ROARS THE BARON, SIGNALLING TO HIS THUGS, WHO
ADVANCE UPON MANDRAKE."



THE SMILING MAGICIAN GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY—
THE FLOOR SEEMS TO GIVE WAY—



TO BE CONTINUED

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Practical Separates in fashionable colors

and designs to give variety to your Autumn Wardrobe



A. Twin Set or Separates, English wool. Short sleeved, crew neck pullover, patterned front. Six buttons on cardigan. Indian Red, Eggshell, Tan, Beige, Heaven Blue; 34in., 36in., 38in. Pullover £1/5/2, Cardigan £1/10/8 or £2/16/10 per set. Tweed Skirt in large overcheck. Green, Brown, Lemon, Tan. 26in.-30in. 74/-.



B. Cardigan in fur rib stitch, for the Matron. Belt, pockets, buttons to collar. 4. Green, Brown, Gold, and Aqua. W and OS, £2/7/8; E.O.S., £2/9/3. Wool skirt, double pleats front and back. Grey Flannel, 26in. to 32in. waist. 57/-, small Check. Tweed, Brown, Ore Blue. Grey, 32in. to 36in. Priced at 66/11.



C. Basque Cardigan, buttons to crew neckline, self design on front. Pastel Blue, Light Green, Gold, Pastel Pink, Brown, Red. SW, W, OS, £1/12/11. Wool Boucle Velour Skirt, features small pockets. In shades of Brown, Forest Green, 26in. to 30in. waist. Priced at 68/-.

D. English wool hip length waisted Cardigan, fancy design. Eggshell, Tan, beige, Pink, SW, W, £1/7/6. Wool Tweed pleated skirt in smart check. Belt complete with buckle. Shades of Green, Blue, Brown, Rust predominate. 26in., 28in., 30in. waist. Price 57/-. Lovely design.

E. Tailored Wool Jacket, firmly knitted. Fawn, Blue, Wine, Woodland Green, Grey, Brown, Black, American Beauty. 36in-40in., £3/4/6; 42-44in., £3/10/11. Skirt in Grey or Brown Flannel, smartly pleated in front of skirt, flared at back. 24in. to 32in. 64/-. A practical set.

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**Mrs. JACK
DAVEY**
agree

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YOU'LL NOTICE that each honey-brown flake stands up crisp and firm—even after you have added milk!
YOU ENJOY that different flavour in a flash. You'll say you never knew wheat could taste as wonderful as this. That added bran makes as much difference to wheat as butter makes to dry bread.
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with BRAN added!*

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sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your
plates. Get it to-day at any chemist.
Refuse substitutes.

Nell Gwyn: King's favorite

Continued from page 18

THE King met his people on equal terms, genuinely mixed with them because he liked to, turned serious conferences into informal gatherings, and was witty and fond of amusements.

His countless amours were as much a topic of family conversation at the breakfast table as the romances of Hollywood stars to-day, with the difference that fewer people then worked themselves up into a passion of indignation about such human failings.

And no doubt, as so many people do to-day, they got a certain amount of second-hand pleasure out of watching the highly coloured love lives of the Merry Monarch and his courtiers.

Voices were frequently raised in criticism, of course, but on the whole England seems to have taken her ruler's misdemeanours pretty calmly. So that nobody was very surprised when a long-standing rumor was confirmed in the spring of 1670, that "the King had sent for Nelly," that she was gone to Whitehall and had become his mistress.

She became at once the most popular of his loves in the minds of the common people. For she was, unlike Lady Castlemaine, truly a woman of the people, so that they could in a sense identify themselves with her; also she was a Protestant, unlike Louise de Querouaille, who also ensnared Charles about the same time. Madame "Carwell" as they called her was much hated.

The King provided Nelly with a fine house in Pall Mall, and not long afterwards she gave birth to his son, who was called Charles Beauderck, and who soon became a favorite of his father's.

On Christmas Day of the following year Nell had a second son by the King, who was christened James, after the King's brother, the Duke of York.

The elder boy was later created Baron of Headington and Earl of Burford by his father, and was betrothed to the beautiful heiress of the Veres, daughter of the twentieth and last Earl of Oxford.

James, also much beloved by his father, died in Paris when he was about eight years old.

Of the daily life of Nell Gwyn after she became the favorite of the King there is little information, and for that reason we may surmise that it was happy enough.

Music while they convalesce

JUDGING by the gramophone records requested from the Red Cross record library at New South Wales Divisional Headquarters, convalescing ex-servicemen much prefer classics to swing.

Since Red Cross established a music club at the Concord Repatriation Hospital, Sydney, the patients have made such full use of the 2000 records they can choose from that the service is being extended to all hospitals in the State.

As well as assisting convalescents to fill in the tedious days while they recover health, this service is often responsible for developing a lasting interest in music.

It is typical of the welfare services for both ex-servicemen and civilians undertaken by Red Cross. These services cost the Red Cross Society £800,000 last year, and it is to maintain them that March has been set aside as Red Cross month, and a special appeal is being made for donations.

"THE STORY OF NELL GWYN," by Peter Cunningham, gives an interesting account of her life. There are references to her in *The Diary of Samuel Pepys*, and in *Historical of the period* written by Clarendon, Burnet, and recently by Arthur Bryant.

That she went about a great deal, visiting friends and taking parties to the theatre, we know from handfuls of her household bills which have survived.

She divided her time between her home in Pall Mall and her stately house at Windsor, that is, when she was not at Whitehall with the King. She had plenty of money to spend, which she spent lavishly and generously. A good deal of it went on paying the debts of those who had been imprisoned for insolvency.

There is little reason to doubt the tradition that she persuaded Charles to build the Royal Hospital at Chelsea for the aged and disabled soldiers of the recent Civil Wars, and many writers of the day have testified to the fact that she went about everywhere "doing good."

In 1681 Charles created her first son Duke of St. Albans, and appointed him to the offices of Registrar of the High Court of Chancery and Master Falconer of England. The latter office survived in the St. Albans family until the present day.

Nell did not live to see her son marry the Vere heiress, but would probably have been amused at the fact that a child of this marriage became a leading Bishop of England.

This colorful way of life, however, was soon to end. After a very merry evening with his harem at Whitehall in the winter of 1685, of which the diarist Evelyn has given us a vivid and disapproving account, Charles fainted in his chair the following morning and was seized with a fit.

Two or three days later he died, after having made his peace with his ill-used Queen and with the Roman Catholic Church.

He apologised to his friends for being "such an unconscionable time in dying," and gave a last injunction to his brother James: "Let not poor Nelly starve!"

It is to James' credit that he did not forget his brother's dying request, settling a pension and a house on her for life, after paying her debts.

Nell herself survived the King by only two years, and died of apoplexy at the age of 37 in November, 1687.

She was buried at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, whose vicar, the good Dr. Tenison, preached her funeral sermon. History, like Dr. Tenison, has judged that the disreputable features of her story are redeemed by Nell's lovable qualities.

Whereas Charles' other loves, Castlemaine, Portsmouth, Mazarin, and the rest were disgraced by jealousy, were imperious, meddling, and politically dangerous, Nell's behaviour was wholly admirable. She was genuinely devoted to Charles, entirely faithful to him, unlike her rivals never interfered in affairs of State, and never made unreasonable demands on him.

He must have found her unfailing good temper, her simplicity and straightforwardness, her lack of pretensions; extraordinarily restful and refreshing in the midst of so much feminine turbulence.

The English people's instinct to take an orange-girl to their hearts was perhaps more soundly based than it might seem on the surface.



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Nixoderm
For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

"Freckle-face"

Here's a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles;—while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling. Simply get an ounce of Kintho—doubt's strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

Interesting People



SENATOR AGNES ROBERTSON-ROBERTSON

... new Senator

WESTERN AUSTRALIA'S new Senator, Mrs. Agnes Robertson-Robertson, sent in her application only half an hour before Senate applications closed. She will support equal citizenship for women, believes that there should be facilities for all schoolgirls to be taught domestic science. When she was 28 her journalist husband died, and she taught at Thomas Street school for 30 years and brought up three children. Fourteen years ago she adopted a fourth.



GROUP-CAPTAIN M. O. WATSON

... in charge of Point Cook

FORMERLY Air Attache, Washington, Group-Captain M. O. Watson is the new Commandant of the R.A.A.F. College at Point Cook. He joined the R.A.A.F. in 1928, and by the beginning of the war he had attained the rank of Squadron-Leader. He was made Temporary Group-Captain in 1941 and later became Commanding Officer, No. 2 Training Group. In 1945 he became Director of Air Staff Policy, went to Washington in 1946.



MISS BARBARA LEIGH

... overnight success

NEWEST addition to the cast of the popular B.B.C. "Much Binding in the Marsh" is 23-year-old Barbara Leigh, who left Sydney almost unknown less than three years ago. Understudying the lead in an Ivor Novello musical, she changed her name from Cooper to avoid confusion with another actress. When the star became ill, Barbara made an overnight success, critics hailing her as a charming personality with a delightful voice. She is married to Australian actor David Williams, and has an 18-month-old daughter named Lindy.

Simon's Wife

Continued from page 7

THIS time, Cordelia told herself firmly, you must stand still and look the facts squarely in the face. You're a bigamist! Not a very pretty thing to be!

But I never knew, I never dreamt that there had been a mistake and that Simon was alive, she cried to herself. Well, you never gave him a chance to be alive, said reason inexorably. You took the easiest way out as you've always done, and just as many crimes are committed by foolishness and weakness as by cunning and strength. You're a bigamist, people go to prison for bigamy and deserve to go.

But no one must ever know, she thought desperately. I must go away. I must leave at once, before Evelyn gets back. And leave that old lady alone? Reason asked her. But Simon is coming here, to this house. I can't meet him, her weaker self cried in panic.

And why not? demanded reason. Even if he should see you, it is doubtful if he would recognise you. You didn't really recognise yourself in that old photograph, and aren't you being extraordinarily selfish? You ought to be on your knees thanking God that Simon was not killed. Oh, I am thankful, I am she told herself. I only wish things were different.

It's no one's fault but your own that they're not, reason assured her implacably. I was so young, so ill, so desperate and destitute. . . . Oh, for Heaven's sake don't let's have any maddening self-pity! said reason sternly. You were a fool and your folly has caught up with you. The only thing to do is to sit down quietly and think out the best solution for everyone, not just for yourself.

Mechanically she washed out the dishes and having hung it up to dry moved forward and seated herself at the table. But her thoughts flew round and round like birds let out of a cage, uncertain where to fly, and presently she rose and set about preparing the dinner, starting at every sound, listening until her ears ached for the opening of the front door.

But it was not until she had washed the dinner dishes that she heard Evelyn return. Though she strained her ears, she could catch no sound of voices, and she sank into the armchair, gripping the sides so tightly that she felt as if her hands had become part of them, wooden and devoid of feeling.

Suddenly she heard the baize door to the hall swing open with a harsh scream that seemed to her to be a warning of approaching disaster, and, stumbling to her feet, she fell on her knees in front of the stove, taking out the still glowing embers as if she were trying to do away with the agony of her own foreboding.

Evelyn came in alone. She looked tired but happy.

"You still up?" she said. "I thought you might have gone to bed. My aunt said that you were very tired."

"I'm all right, thank you," said Cordelia, continuing to rake. "I hope you had a nice day in town."

"A lovely day," said Evelyn. "My brother has just come back from Africa. He couldn't come back with me to-day because he has business to attend to, but he's coming down on Saturday for a long visit."

The grate was empty of embers, but Cordelia knelt on, staring blindly in front of her.

"I'm very sorry," she said, "but I'm afraid I shall have to leave."

"Oh, but you can't," said Evelyn, and some of the old sharpness edged her words. "I shall need help even more with a man in the house. There's always more cooking needed for a man, I know, and if you think the extra work will be too much for you, I'll try to get Mrs. Penn to come and help."

"I'm sorry," repeated Cordelia, "but I can't stay."

"I don't think we'll discuss it any more to-night when you're so tired," said Evelyn. "I hope you'll feel better in the morning. Good-night, and thank you for looking after my aunt for me to-day. I told my brother what an excellent cook you are. I don't want to disappoint him."

She went out, closing the door behind her with a little angry snap. Cordelia rose and having tidied up the kitchen went up the back stairs to her room.

Her back ached and her eyelids dropped with fatigue, but no sooner was she in bed than sleep deserted her, leaving her in the octopus tentacles of worry, stretching over her mind, crushing the strength out of her.

How could she stay? How could she remain in the same house with Simon and watch him, perhaps, find the happiness that should have been hers, with another woman?

Yet how could she tell him the truth? How could any man face those cruel facts? No, I didn't drown myself, I married in a few weeks and went to Australia. It would be impossible for him to understand that her spirit had been so numbed that she had felt as if she had died and a stranger had taken possession of her body and done what he would with it.

No, she could not stay, and, rising from the bed, she lifted down her suitcase from the top of the wardrobe and feverishly began to pack. But no sooner were her clothes shut away than she was bundling them out.

She was running away again . . . and if Simon were to recognise her, if he were to demand no explanation of the past, content merely with the astonishing fact of her presence, what happiness might not be ahead for both of them? But no, she said fiercely, he must not recognise me. He was coming home, quite obviously, to return to his first love, that respectable young widow.

I DON'T deserve happiness, Cordelia decided suddenly. I must stand aside and dust, sweep, and cook for him as I can, and then when he is happily married to Dolly I must go right away and leave them alone. Only in that way can I save my own conscience and make reparation for the harm I've done.

An almost saint-like feeling of self-sacrifice stole over her. He won't recognise me in his sister's domestic help, she assured herself, and glanced in the mirror to convince herself of how greatly she had changed. But in the artificial light she appeared younger than her years and not so different from the snapshot she had found that afternoon.

I must be practical, she thought. I must go to London on Thursday to one of those beauty shops and get their advice on altering my appearance. I must forget that Cordelia Sandys-Brown ever existed. I must be Jane Hart. With this resolve in her mind, she put out the light, and, getting into bed once more, fell into an exhausted sleep.

Nor had her resolve weakened in the morning, even though Evelyn's gentleness had vanished in her own reaction to the excitement of the day before. She inquired almost aggressively whether Cordelia had changed her mind about staying, and inferred that she was letting her down badly if she had not.

When Cordelia said that she would remain for a month or until Evelyn could find another cook, but that she must go to London on the Thursday on urgent business, she gave her thanks and her consent reluctantly.

Please turn to page 38



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ON Thursday morning, Cordelia rose early, and, having prepared a cold lunch, walked across the fields to the station and caught the 9.45 train to town.

There was a hairdresser's shop she had noticed in Bond Street that might serve her purpose. She made her way there through the crowds that thronged the pavements.

It was a severely dignified establishment she found on entering the door, glossy with polished glass and chromium, shining with white paint. The girl who looked up from the appointments book in a bureau on the left looked as severely dignified as her setting.

"Have you an appointment, madam?" she asked in a high, metallic voice, her sharp eyes seeming to take in every detail of the unfashionable suit, the felt hat, and the country shoes that Cordelia had chosen so carefully from her wardrobe as being suitable to a lady help.

Her courage failed her under that glance, and, murmuring that she had no appointment, she was turning back to the door almost with relief, when the sharp voice pulled her back as if she were an insignificant fish hooked by a keen fisherman for want of better sport.

"Was it a shampoo you needed, madam?" asked the voice.

"Yes, yes, a shampoo," agreed Cordelia weakly.

"I think we might just fit you in," said the girl. "One of our clients has just rung up to say she must miss her appointment. If you will go to Cubicle Five, Miss Clayton will attend to you in a few moments."

"Thank you," said Cordelia. Removing her hat and coat, she sat down in the chromium chair with its black leather seat, in front of the black china basin, and tried to look at herself dispassionately, as if she were meeting an acquaintance whom she had not seen for nine years.

She was still staring into the glass when Miss Clayton appeared, an exotic-looking young woman in a white overall, looking as if she were, indeed, about to perform a major operation.

"Shampoo was it?" she asked briskly, as she tied a mauve wrapper about Cordelia's neck.

"Yes," answered Cordelia, doubtfully.

"Lovely day, isn't it?" said the girl cheerfully.

Her friendly tone gave Cordelia confidence, and she said impulsively: "It isn't only a shampoo . . . I want to do my hair quite differently . . . I . . . I'm going to do some acting."

"And what kind of a part are you taking?" asked the girl, as if this were quite an ordinary statement.

"Well," said Cordelia, "I want to look like a rather middle-aged sort of housekeeper. Could you perhaps uncurl my hair a little?"

The girl looked critically over Cordelia's shoulder at her reflection in the mirror, and felt her hair with an experienced hand.

AFTER a moment, the girl said thoughtfully, "I don't know about uncurling your hair, madam. It's lovely hair, isn't it? What about a nice new hair-do and a centre parting? Of course, it all depends on how permanent you want the change to be. I mean if it's just for amateur theatricals you don't want to go too far."

"No," agreed Cordelia. "I'd like it to last for a month at least. I suppose it isn't long enough for a bun at the back?"

Miss Clayton seized Cordelia's curls with one hand, and, combing vigorously with the other, strained back the hair so that Cordelia's eyebrows rose in surprised peaks, and her eyes slanted like those of an Oriental.

"That certainly makes me look quite different," she gasped, "but it is a little painful."

"How about a plait?" asked Miss Clayton, "wound round the head?"

Releasing Cordelia's hair, which sprang back in protesting curls, Miss Clayton went out of the cubicle, returning in a few minutes with a plait of smooth hair, which she wound about Cordelia's head like a coronet.

Simon's Wife Continued from page 37

"You see, that alters the shape of the head, and allows the ears to show, which broadens the face," said the girl, pinning the plait, and handing Cordelia a mirror so that she might have a side view of her appearance.

"Yes, that makes a lot of difference," said Cordelia, returning the mirror. "Thank you, I'll take it."

"And you'll have the shampoo?" asked the girl.

Yes, she would have the shampoo, said Cordelia. And what about having her eyebrows plucked? asked the girl. They were unusually distinctive, and it was remarkable, too, what lipstick could do in altering the shape of a mouth.

She could do anything she liked, said Cordelia recklessly.

The thin-browed, voluptuous-lipped face that stared back at Cordelia from the mirror when the girl had finished with her and removed the wrapper was indeed quite unlike her normal self. It was also quite unlike the appearance of a normal housekeeper. Under the coronet of smooth hair, it was far more reminiscent of a Russian princess she had seen in some film.

And, oh, dear me! she thought, I didn't let Joe Cobden know that I couldn't go to the pictures with him to-night. I shall have to call on him on Sunday and apologise. Sunday! She would have seen Simon by then. A shiver ran over her at the thought of that meeting.

"Is madam satisfied?" asked Miss Clayton patiently, "because I have another client waiting."

"Oh, yes, yes, quite satisfied," replied Cordelia, and rose from the chair.

It was useless attempting to wear her hat. It perched on the coronet like a nesting bird. Taking it off again, she thrust it into Miss Clayton's hand.

"I don't suppose this would be any use to you," she said impulsively. "But it's no use to me, so perhaps you could give it to somebody or throw it away."

"Seems a pity to throw away a nice felt like that," said the girl disapprovingly.

"Do anything you like with it," said Cordelia. "Only," she added, "I shouldn't throw it in the river. It puts ideas into people's heads, finding hats in rivers."

The girl looked at her strangely. "Would you like me to see if I can get a taxi, madam?" she asked. "Some people find a shampoo and all that very tiring."

"Oh, no, thank you," said Cordelia, smiling. "It's a lovely day for walking."

And, putting a ten-shilling note in the girl's hand, she turned away.

"You pay at the desk," said the girl, "and the plait was twelve guineas, madam may remember."

"Yes, I remember," said Cordelia, "that's for all your interest and trouble."

The girl in the pay desk did not seem to recognise her as she put down the money. She slid off her chair and held open the outer door in a most deferential manner as Cordelia left the shop.

No, said Cordelia, glancing at herself in shop windows as she passed down the street, definitely not a housekeeper. And how am I going to explain my altered appearance to Evelyn and Aunt Harriet? she wondered a little later as she sat over coffee and sandwiches in a teahop.

Evelyn never looks at me with her intelligence, but Aunt Harriet—what can I say to her?

How I wish I'd never seen that advertisement in the paper! How I wish that I'd never gone near Cheridon Court! Then I could have kept my dreams and my self-respect, and been free from all this deception. I could be free now. I could disappear and live as the Army deserters do, moving from place to place.

Deserter, yes! She would be a deserter, that would be the word for her, she told herself severely. You said that you would help Evelyn and you can't let her down! And there's still a hope at the back of your mind that Simon will recognise you in spite of everything and kiss and be friends and live happily ever after, jeered reason. You can't be honest even with yourself.

Please turn to page 39

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Simon's Wife

Continued from page 38

DECIDEDLY, I can be honest, Cordelia argued with herself. I'm only going back to help Evelyn and make things comfortable for Simon. Noble character, are you? sneered reason. No, she answered herself soberly, I'm a weak fool. But this time I'm not going to run away.

Finishing her coffee, she paid the waitress and went out of the shop.

The brightness of the day had faded when she arrived back at Cheridon. Rain was falling out of grey skies. She had no umbrella, and, as she made her way up the hill to the Court, the wet drops soaked down on her head, turning her plaited coronet of hair to the heaviness of a leaden crown, and the rain lashing her face washed the paint and powder from her skin, as if nature would have no deception on the part of Cordelia Sandys-Brown.

She hurried to her room, unseen, as soon as she arrived at the house, and stripped off her wet clothes. Removing the coronet from her head, she unplaited it and hung it over the back of a chair to dry. It looked like some Red Indian trophy hanging there—the scalp of the bigamous Mrs. Hart.

She slept fitfully, and when she went to the kitchen next morning it was with the determination not to appear as self-conscious as she felt.

She had plaited the tail of hair more tightly, and wound it with greater severity round her head so that it no longer looked like a coronet. She had decided to refrain altogether from lipstick, and the plucked eyebrows seemed to rise in thin and permanent disgust at being associated with a face so devoid of make-up.

Altogether she felt competent and old and drab, and as if the range felt the change it allowed her to fight the fire in its grate with but a single match.

She was preparing the breakfast when Stubbs' knock came at the door, and she drew herself up defiantly to meet his comments on her altered appearance, but he was too deeply sunk in his own thoughts to notice surface matters. He had not been to see her since his angry departure on Sunday afternoon, and he was more interested in her inward feelings than her outer self.

In one hand he clutched a limp little nosegay of short-stalked pansies and bachelor's buttons, which he thrust towards her.

"Few flowers," he said gruffly, hitching up his shorts with his free hand.

"Thank you, Stubbs," she said gravely. "How very kind of you."

"Nothing," he said, and became absorbed in drawing a pattern on the stone floor with the toe of his right sandshoe.

"Circus is comin' next week," he said, after a pause.

"How exciting!" said Cordelia.

"Are you going?"

"It's a Thursday," said Stubbs.

"If teacher says we can go, Dad, 'e says 'e'll pay for me ticket."

"I hope your teacher will give you the afternoon off," said Cordelia.

"Circuses don't come every day, so I should think she would."

"Depends on 'ow she's feelin'," said Stubbs philosophically. "If she 'as one of 'er 'eads, we'll be kept in to do extra sums. She always keeps us in when she feels bad."

Stubbs was turning his pattern into a baroque horse. The rubber toe of his shoe marked the strange creature out darkly on the old grey flagstones. There was a distinct likeness to Nap in the ill-drawn head and drooping back.

"Did you want something?" she asked at last, as he continued to draw in silence.

"Oats," he said hoarsely.

"You want me to get some oats for Nap?"

He nodded. "Wants feedin' up," he said. "Ed look twice the 'orse with a few oats in 'im."

"Do you know where to get oats?" she asked.

"Cobdens," he replied. "And if you asked he might loan you a saddle."

What a persistent child he was, thought Cordelia, as she went to the dresser drawer where she kept a purse of small change.

"Here you are," she said, handing him half a crown. "I don't know how much that will buy, but it must do to go on with. He really doesn't need oats with all that good grass."

"Needs buckin' up," said Stubbs. "Praps I could ask about the saddle for you."

"I suppose you could," said Cordelia, "but I shan't have time to ride at present, I'm far too busy."

"Sunday," said Stubbs, and was gone. She watched him out of the stable yard. He had picked up a small switch that he had left at the door, and with it he drove his legs into a spirited gallop, as if he were jockey and racehorse all in one.

That was another complication to be thought of, sighed Cordelia. When she left she would have to make arrangements for Nap. Other Eves, how rapidly they grew over one's existence unless one were ruthless or far-seeing enough to prevent their taking root near one.

She turned with a start as Evelyn came in at the door behind her, and her hands went instinctively to her hair. But Evelyn made no comment; nor did she ask any questions about Cordelia's day in town. Evelyn was neither ruthless nor far-seeing in her relationships. She simply had no interest in people as people.

IT was strange how some men and women could make such a lonely desert of their lives, even in crowds only pausing at the small green oases of what they considered their "own set."

Evelyn made no allusion to Cordelia's altered appearance when she returned later to order the meals. But Aunt Harriet was not so aloof. She was alone in the morning-room when Cordelia took in the eleven o'clock tea tray.

"What on earth have you done to yourself?" she asked at once.

"I've always wanted long hair," said Cordelia evasively.

"Mph!" snorted the old lady. "It's grown remarkably quickly."

"Oh, this isn't my hair," said Cordelia honestly. "I bought it. I had a little more time than I thought when I was in London yesterday and I had my hair shampooed . . . and I was talking to the girl about long hair and she said why should I wait for it to grow and talked me into buying a plait." And may Heaven forgive me for that string of lies, she added to herself.

"Well, I suppose one can only be thankful she didn't talk you into dyeing it red," said Aunt Harriet.

"Now I never thought of that!" said Cordelia.

"Mph!" granted the old lady again. "Your trip to town seems to have done you good . . . put more life into you . . . you looked like a ghost the other evening. But an attractive ghost, more attractive than you look now."

"Do I look very different?" asked Cordelia anxiously.

"Of course you do," retorted Aunt Harriet. "You've practically hidden your pretty forehead and bandaged away your curls, and goodness knows what you've done to your eyebrows. I like an eyebrow to look like an eyebrow, not a starved caterpillar! Why have you altered yourself like this?"

Please turn to page 40



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INVENTING wildly, Cordelia said, "I wanted to look . . . to look more dignified . . . older . . . stronger . . . less easily put upon."
"You mean that you thought if you looked more like a schoolmistress you'd be able to stand up for yourself better with my niece?" asked Aunt Harriet.
Cordelia nodded. "Something like that," she said, and where would all these lies lead her? she wondered.
"Why be afraid?" asked Aunt Harriet. "If more people minded their own business the world would be a far more peaceful place. Did you go to a travel agency?"
"No," replied Cordelia. "I didn't think of it."
"Well, at least that's honest," said Aunt Harriet. "You might have said that you hadn't time. I like honesty."
"So do I," said Cordelia fervently, "and that's what makes it so terrible when circumstances thrust dishonesty on one."
"You can't tell me that you've allowed circumstances to do much hustling of dishonesty on you," said the old lady. "You may be too good-natured, which usually means too weak, but it takes the strong to be successfully deceitful. You couldn't deceive a mouse."
"Oh, but I could," said Cordelia.
"Nonsense," said the old lady. "I know a double-dealer when I meet one. Now, you are like a well-bred spaniel—yes, you're very like my spaniel Flop. She stole a cold chicken off the dining-room table one Sunday night when we were at church, but we found it intact on the stairs when we came in, and Flop was in hiding."
"Poor little creature, did you beat her?" asked Cordelia.
"She didn't need beating," chuckled the old lady. "Her own conscience gave her all the punishment she needed. Yes, you're very like Flop. Come and have tea with me this afternoon. Evelyn is going to Brightstone to try to get a fatted calf for her brother."
"Should I?" asked Cordelia.
"Come to tea, I mean."
"There you are, my dear," said

Simon's Wife *Continued from page 39*

Aunt Harriet triumphantly. "You've a real spaniel conscience. Of course you should come. I need your company. Poor lonely old woman that I am!"

She looked so strong and self-sufficient sitting there, with a wicked gleam of humor in her eyes, that Cordelia could not help smiling.

But I hope she won't be too nice to me, she thought, as she prepared the tea that afternoon, or I might tell her everything, and it wouldn't be fair to put the burden of my problem on her shoulders at her age, and it wouldn't be fair to Simon. If she were to tell anyone she must tell him first, and in secret.

But, of course, she could never tell him. Quite apart from all the other complications, it would make him look such a fool to find that the wife for whom he had mourned and exiled himself had not drowned herself but had married again so rapidly. It would be like discovering a much-valued picture, praised by the world, to be a fake. Men could bear disaster more bravely than being made to look fools.

WHEN Cordelia entered the morning-room with the tea at four o'clock, Aunt Harriet said, "Now sit down and let's be comfortable."

As Cordelia sat down and began to pour out the tea, she went on, "No, I do not like that hair. It makes you look so different, as if you were play-acting. You can't really change yourself, you know. If you've a smug soul, you'll look smug even if you pose as a nudist."

"Do you think I've a smug soul?" asked Cordelia.

"Not really," said Aunt Harriet. "But I expect we all have our 'smuggery', even if it's about not being smug! We're all human. That's the real trouble with Evelyn." She bit into a hot scone with keen enjoyment.

"Evelyn's a perfectionist," she went on, "and if a thing isn't flawless, it's useless. She spends her life putting people on pedestals. She put

her brother on one. Of course, he was a nice boy, and he looked well in uniform, but he was far from being a Sir Galahad off to find the Holy Grail. However, that's how Evelyn saw him, and when she found he was getting married to a girl she'd never met, she was furious."

She finished her scone and took another.

"She was a spoilt brat, anyway," she said. "Shouldn't say so to you and I don't talk like this about my relations to all my cooks . . . but she was a spoilt brat. She wouldn't look at another man, measured them all up to an idol that never existed, and of course found they were poor weak humans."

"Does Miss Sandys-Brown still put her brother on a pedestal, do you think?" asked Cordelia.

"She's preparing a very pretty pedestal for him," replied Aunt Harriet. "A double one to be shared with her lovely little fool of a friend. Simon, as I said, was a nice boy. He's probably a nice man, but I'll be very surprised if he's grown into a saint, and Dolly would think a halo a new Easter bonnet if she saw one."

She brushed the crumbs from her disreputable cardigan. "Bless me, how I do talk. You shouldn't encourage me by being such a good listener, and you'd much better forget all I've said. Now talk about Australia, and I'll do the listening."

"What shall I tell you?" said Cordelia.

"How should I know?" said the old lady. "Tell me about kangaroos . . . aborigines . . . boomerangs. I'm not particular."

The next day was heavy and still. A brooding quality seemed to hang over the earth, as if nature were trying to make up her mind whether the troublesome humans on it deserved sunshine and blue skies for their week-end, or a deluge of rain and thunder.

The same brooding quality seemed to hang over Cheridon Court, and in it neither Evelyn nor Cordelia could rest. Evelyn swept and dusted where no dirt lay, and rearranged the flowers that were still

fresh. Cordelia prepared food with as reckless a hand as if a regiment were expected.

Only Aunt Harriet sat aloofly by in her armchair, with her newspaper held firmly between her and so much unnecessary labor.

Simon was to arrive in time for dinner, but his train was late, and the sun was going down over the western hills in sullen splendor when the taxi that had been ordered to meet him drew up at the front entrance.

Cordelia had left the kitchen door open. The sound of his arrival came faintly to her through the green baize door that shut her off from the front of the house.

She heard Evelyn's voice raised in welcome, the sound of footsteps, a door opening and shutting, followed by silence in which the only sound seemed to be the beating of her own anxious heart. Simon was home. Simon was under the same roof with her. It was all she could do to prevent herself running to him whatever the consequences might be.

A bell jangled presently in the long line over the dresser. No bell had rung there since she had been in the house, and the rusty wires creaked and complained at their awakening, sending a little shower of dust down on the clean plates she had laid out below; and as if the wire had been attached to her own heart it began to beat yet more violently.

Evelyn had said that she would ring when they were ready for dinner. Cordelia had told her that she would not wait at table, but would put dishes through the serving hatch in the passage outside the kitchen.

Her hands shook so that the soup which she began to ladle into the monogrammed soup plates spilt over in little brown pools on the kitchen table, and it took all her concentration to carry them one at a time to the hatch.

Please turn to page 41

Flatter Look *Harlequin* *Mushroom Line* *Top Look*
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EVELYN

had drawn the curtains, and had lit the candles in their tall silver sticks in the centre of the table. The light shone down on the bowl of golden roses, on the shining silver and cut glass. Dinner was ready for Mr. Simon Sandys-Brown and she . . . his wife . . . having prepared it for him must eat her meal alone in the kitchen.

She left the hatch open, and stooping down, standing back in the shadows, she watched, like some leper shut out from human intercourse as the family came in through the farther door.

Aunt Harriet came first. She had replaced the ancient cardigan by a black velvet jacket. Evelyn followed her aunt, in a blue dinner dress, and after her came Simon, seating himself at the end of the table facing the hatch.

He was wearing a grey suit. His hair was grey over the temples, his face longer and thinner than Cordelia remembered it, tanned brown by the African sun; but his actions were so familiar that she almost cried his name aloud, and quickly put her hands over her lips for fear that her resolution to be silent would weaken.

She remembered so well the little flick he gave to his table napkin as he undid it, the way he had of bending a little forward in his chair before picking up his spoon, the quick smile that crinkled up the corners of his eyes as he turned to speak to Aunt Harriet.

Simon! she cried silently, Simon, I am here! For a moment it seemed as if he must have heard her desperate longing to be acknowledged. He paused in his speaking, staring straight ahead; but the moment passed, and he continued his conversation.

With a muffled sigh, Cordelia turned back to her solitude and her work.

So great had been her emotion on seeing him that she felt drained of feeling. It was a mere automaton that prepared the following courses and cleared away the used dishes from the hatch, and when her labors were done she went at once to bed

Simon's Wife

Continued from page 40

and slept as heavily as if, indeed, she had no real life in her.

The same stupor remained with her when she awoke, and continued with her. When she carried the morning tea tray in to Aunt Harriet, and found Simon standing by the window, she could feel nothing but a dull surprise that a man should be there.

"This is my good friend and house-keeper," said Aunt Harriet, as Cordelia put down the tray on the table beside her. "Mrs. Hart."

If she had had any hope in her bemused mind that Simon might recognise her, it died on that instant. He turned and looked at her. The glance of his grey eyes met her coldly, almost with dislike. There was neither interest nor friendliness in his look.

"Good morning," he said with a stiff little bow, and turned back immediately to look out of the window.

Wearily Cordelia went back to the kitchen and sat down at the table, leaning her heavy head on her hands. It was over. She had met Simon and she was nothing to him.

They shared no past. They would share no future, and suddenly she felt very old, as if the flag of youth had been lowered over the grave of her happiness and her dreams.

She was glad it was Sunday. After lunch she could escape. When she had finished her tasks, she changed her dress and went out into the clean warm air of the perfect afternoon that had emerged from the brooding mists of the morning.

Climbing the hill, she lay down in the shade of the gorse bushes, and presently she fell asleep.

She woke with a start. Something had disturbed her. A

little scuffle sounded on the far side of the bushes. A rabbit, perhaps, had chanced on her and fled away in terror. She sat up and adjusted the heavy plait of hair that had slipped over one ear.

There was something I had to do, she thought stupidly, something I had to put right this afternoon . . . Of course! She had to go to the farm and apologise to Joe Cobden for not letting him know that she could not accompany him to the cinema on the Thursday.

It was nearly six o'clock. She had better go at once, and, rising, she straightened her dress and set off down the hill.

Her way led through the field where Nap was pastured, and there she saw Stubbs, whittling away with his knife at a stick, seated in the shade of an oak tree beside the old horse.

He jumped up on seeing her, and galloped to meet her.

"Was back, there?" he admonished his legs, as he came to her, and circling round in a final canter, he fell into step at her side.

"I been groomin' 'im," he said. "I found an ole brush in the stable and a comb. Looks better, don't 'e?"

"Oh, yes," said Cordelia, though in truth as they came up to him she could not see a vast difference in Nap's dusty coat.



"It's lovely, but what will my boy-friend think?"

At Cordelia's side, the little boy stood studying the horse adoringly. "I give 'im some oats," he said, "and 'e fair swallered 'em up, and you should see 'im eat carrots! Cor! One crunch to a carrot! 'Is teeth must be O.K. if 'e can do that, and my uncle 'e says that's the way you tell a horse's age, by 'is teeth."

"By their length," said Cordelia gently.

Nap looked sideways at her, and lazily swished away a fly from his hindquarters with his matted tail.

"'E don't like 'is tail bein' cleaned," said Stubbs. "Flicks 'e across the nose with it every time I put the comb in. Could you 'ave a go?"

"I'll try," said Cordelia. "Where's the comb?"

"Pocket," replied Stubbs, removing a dilapidated object with several teeth missing from the pocket of his shorts.

"I'll 'old 'is 'ead and praps 'e won't notice wat you're doin'," said Stubbs hopefully, and moving round, he grasped the rope halter, holding Nap's nose down to his.

"It's certainly quite a job," said Cordelia, wrestling with the tangles in the long grey-black tail. So absorbed did she become in the task that she did not know that Simon was beside her until he spoke.

"Hallo," he said to Stubbs, "whose horse is this?"

"Art's 'ers, and 'art's mine," said Stubbs proudly. "Me and 'er, we're partners in the 'orse."

Cordelia's hands lost their gentleness at the sound of Simon's voice. She tugged too hard at one of the tangles and, snorting loudly, Nap kicked up his heels, pulled away, then turned to stand surveying the three humans reproachfully.

"I must be going," said Cordelia in a high-pitched tone, quite unlike her own voice.

"I'm sorry if I have intruded on you," said Simon stiffly, and strode away before she could speak again.

To be continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories, which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Your faithfully

by MARTIN WISDOM



SPREADING THE RISK.

He would be an odd carpenter who would build a table with a leg at only one corner. The risk, if I can put it that way, of the table collapsing would be considerable.

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2. Ask Mother to get a free Lifebuoy entry form from her usual store. It contains the rules which govern this contest. Pin it to your entry.
3. You may send in as many entries

as you like, so long as each is attached to an entry form.

4. There are four age groups, and 10 cycles, 10 watches and 50 "Biro Minor" pens have been reserved for each group. All competitors must be under the age of 16 on March 24, 1950, the closing date of contest. There are plenty of chances for you, whatever your age.

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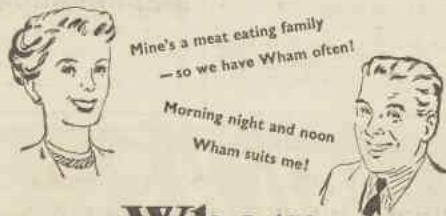
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AT WORK

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No. 296.—APRON

This novel and charming little apron is cut out ready to make with the motifs traced ready to embroider. The material is pastel organdie in shades of white, lemon, pink, green, and blue. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust, 7/11. Regd. postage, 10jd. extra.

No. 297.—FROCK

This attractive frock has a buttoned front and large pockets. It is cut out ready to sew in natural beige, Ascot-green, Adonis-blue, and navy linen. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 27/9; 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 31/3. Regd. postage, 2/6 extra.

No. 298.—TENNIS FROCK

Demure with its Peter Pan collar and pleated skirt, this tennis frock is obtainable in white cotton pique, cut out and ready to sew. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 22/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 24/9. Regd. postage, 1/9 extra.

No. 299.—CHILD'S COAT AND BERET

Cut out and ready to make, this little coat has a matching beret. The material is a good wearing velveteen in shades of brown, navy, and white. Sizes: Length, 18in., 2 yrs.; length, 19in., 3 yrs.; length, 20in., 4 yrs. Price: Coat, 29/3. Regd. postage, 1/6 extra. Beret, 7/3. Regd. postage, 10jd. extra.

When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 296, 297, 299, please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted.



Fashion FROCKS

"MARIE."—A tailored sports blouse made in rayon crepe-de-chine, colors include white, pastel pink, pastel blue, and maize.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 36/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 38/3. Postage, 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 26/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 27/3. Postage, 1/6 extra.

"JANET."—Smart long-sleeved shirt blouse with tucked front. The material is rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pastel pink, pastel blue, and maize.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 46/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 48/9. Postage, 1/6 extra.

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Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 31/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 33/9. Postage, 1/6 extra.

"DIANE."—A pretty blouse featuring a scalloped collar and pocket trim. The material is sheer linen in white, pastel pink, blue, lemon, and green.

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bust, 29/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 32/9. Postage, 1/6 extra.

"ROSE."—Tailored blouse with a smartly stitched collar and pin-tucked detail on bodice front. The material is rayon crepe-de-chine obtainable in white, pastel pink, pastel blue, and maize.

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SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks and Needlework Notions (note prices) to Patterns Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.
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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

A DRESSY street-length frock and large hat are good fashion for an informal wedding ensemble.

Informal ensemble

"AS I am a keen dressmaker, but not able to design, I would like your assistance about a style to wear for my wedding. I am not dressing as a bride, but, of course, want something extra nice and pretty. I am very thin, particularly round the hips, bust quite good. When we are married we will be going to another State, where I will be meeting quite a number of old friends, so want the dress for that purpose later. I am 5ft. 5in. and weigh 8st. 12lb."

Taffeta, made with a slightly longer than street-length skirt and worn with a large-brimmed hat, would be charming for your wedding. After the wedding it would be an extremely useful addition to your wardrobe for any festive occasion. Have the dress grey and accessories brown. About the design. I think, as you are a very slim build, a skirt with a rather heavy front drape (see illustration for reference) over a narrow skirt would be excellent. The bodice could be slightly bloused, the waist finished with a wide cummerbund belt. Have the latter matched to the accessories.

For touring abroad

"MY husband and I are travelling by boat to England, and I have decided to have one good wool travel outfit made here in Melbourne. I would be grateful for any helpful suggestion you could offer about the ensemble."

My suggestion is a four-piece ensemble comprising a skirt, weskit, and jacket in check wool, plus an extra skirt in a plain color, making a group of four if not interchangeable pieces. Have the check jacket made with a one-button fastening, with diagonally placed breast and hip pockets, the line uncluttered, both skirts slim.



THIS street-length frock and large-brimmed hat would make a charming informal wedding ensemble.

Pleats are popular

"I WANT to make myself a new skirt, and as I don't like narrow ones but don't want to look old-fashioned, I would like some suggestion from you."

The pleated skirt is very popular in all materials, and, for that matter, for all times of day. Pleats give the new straight look yet allow for comfort.

Country town visit

"I AM going on a visit to a country town and would like your ideas on what you think would be correct for me to take to change into in the evening. It will not be necessary for the outfit to be very formal. The visit is taking place in May, and the weather will be quite cold. I am 19 and a very definite type, can only wear very tailored styles."

I am a great believer in separates for casual evening wear because they are so warm and comfortable and

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

can be chosen to express the wearer's personality. My suggestion for you is a long-sleeved black velvet blouse finished with a round Peter Pan collar and cuffs in white pique plus a flaring ballerina-length black skirt in wool. To complete the ensemble, a belt in white patent leather.

New coat lines

"BEFORE I buy myself a winter coat I would like to know about new styles and colors. I want something very smart."

Most of the new coats have high collars that can be worn up or down. Pocket and collar detail is important. All materials with a thick, soft texture are being used. Velour cloth is a typical example. Red is one of the newest colors. There is also a range of softer and more subtle shades, such as twilight-blue, sandstone, and gull grey. Designs include belted and unbelted models, shoulder-lines are often extended and slightly dropped.

Styled in wool

"WILL you please give me some idea for an autumn frock to be made in wool? I want the frock to take with me on a visit to Sydney. I am making during Easter time."

The coat dress is still very popular, and I think an excellent design for wool. A dress in this category can be quite formal or quite casual. For instance, a quite formal type could be made with big cuffed sleeves, a profile collar, side closing played up by rows of buttons, plus a slim skirt with a side drape.

Effective house frocks

"MY home is in a rather lonely part of Northern Australia, and I want to make myself some new cotton house frocks. I am stout, so can't wear anything too fancy, but want them to be nice."

For the material I suggest a cotton with a small slapping print, or a dark or pastel shirting. Make the dresses with interest at neckline and pockets. Button-front designs are best because they are easy to launder, and can be removed without straining seams. You might, for instance, have a design with a slenderising V bodice, finished with curved revers and short sleeves, plus a gored skirt. Or using the same coat frock theme, have white collar and pocket trim, and a not too full skirt.

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Many people drink Horlicks simply because they enjoy that distinctive flavour. Others drink it because they need it to build them up... to nourish the body and nerves... and to induce deep,

refreshing sleep. But — whatever the reason — everyone enjoys Horlicks. Equally delicious hot or cold.



OSSIE PICKWORTH holds both the Open and Australian Professional titles — a double no other player has ever won. "Playing golf for a living is strenuous and tiring," says Ossie, "that's why I like Horlicks. I find it the most nourishing food drink of all."

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A.M. — THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MARCH ISSUE NOW ON SALE
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CAPTAIN Godden looked at Marge in astonishment. "I beg pardon?" he said.

"I'm calling you," said Marge.

"All right," said the captain. "Will you marry me?"

"Certainly," she replied.

He dipped his hand into his pocket and drew out a roll of bills. He peeled off one of them.

"May I be the first to congratulate you?" he said, stepping forward. He held out his arms. "At a tender moment like this, I believe it is customary to—"

"I'd like to earn an honest dollar myself," interrupted Claire.

The captain turned. "I asked for this, I suppose," he sighed. "Will you marry me?"

"Yes, and there are two witnesses," said Claire.

"I haven't been engaged since I was a junior in high school," said the captain. "And now twice in one evening—"

"Three times—I hope," said Joan sweetly.

The captain bowed. "Do you mind taking charge? I'm out of dollar bills."

"Of course," answered Joan.

The captain put down his glass. "I'll pick up the rings to-morrow," he said. "At a chain-store."

"We'll put up a notice on the bulletin board in the hangar," Marge said. "The Misses Marge Dickson, Claire Porter, and Joan MacPherson announce their engagements to Captain Charles Godden."

"We'll give one another showers," said Joan.

The captain looked at his glass reflectively. "I believe I've finished your Scotch," he said. "May I take my three fiancées out somewhere for a drink?"

"Claire has a six o'clock flight in the morning," Joan said quickly. "And Marge is on reserve." She smiled. "But I—"

"I'm not in the least sleepy,"

Three Little Girls Wore Blue

Continued from page 9

broke in Claire. "If you'll just wait till I change—"

"I'll call the field and make sure I'm not needed," said Marge happily. "It won't take a minute."

They had a very gay evening. The captain spread his favors with meticulous care. He drank a toast to each of his three brides-to-be. He danced once with each. And, leaving them at their door, he kissed the hand of each gracefully. Bigamy, he announced cheerfully at parting, was great sport.

Silently the three hostesses trooped up the stairs to their second-floor apartment. Also silently—and it was one of those profound lost-in-thought silences—they prepared for bed. And just as she was about to snap out the lights Joan said, "I guess we showed him!"

Marge, already in bed, yawned. "He'll learn not to be so smug," she said.

"He won't malign hostesses again in a hurry," called Claire from the day bed in the living-room.

The room went dark.

Captain Godden's schedule called for, after a flight to Chicago and back, forty-eight hours of free time. Thus it was that the phone in the apartment rang late the next afternoon. Joan answered.

"Which of my loved ones is this?" the captain wanted to know.

"Claire went to Cincinnati this morning. Marge is taking the Pittsburgh shuttle—the scheduled hostess is sick."

"That must make you Joan," said the captain. "Will you dine and dance with me, Joan?"

Joan thought quickly. "Perhaps you'd better sample your bride-to-be's cooking," she told him. "It'll be spaghetti and meat balls."

"With plenty of garlic," he suggested cheerfully.

"Oh," Joan said, her voice flat. "Garlic."

"I'll bring the red wine. Will we dance?"

"There's a radio," she said.

She changed into her blue-flowered print, which gave, she believed, a homey but by no means dowdy effect.

The spaghetti was a success, the red wine bitter but warming, and the dinner conversation adequate, though innocuous—the captain talked of learning to fly, and of his years with the Air Transport Command.

Afterwards they danced to suitable radio music. Joan's head was blissfully on the captain's shoulder, her eyes were half closed, and she was smiling dreamily when there was the sound of a key in the door.

IT was Marge standing before them.

"My number-one fiancée," cried the captain.

"You should be in Pittsburgh," said Joan reproachfully.

"Have you looked out the window?" Marge asked. "It's a peeper. The field's closed down. I waited there for hours and finally all flights were cancelled."

She glanced about her and moved towards the kitchenette and raised her eyebrows disapprovingly.

"No dirty dishes are to be left in the sink," she announced. "It's a house rule."

"I was just going to—," Joan began.

"Perhaps I should help," said the captain gallantly.

"Unless you'd rather dance," said Marge smilingly. She moved towards him. "That music's wonderful."

At midnight the captain took his leave, kissing two hands impartially.

"I don't go out again until the day after to-morrow," he announced. "If you girls are free to-morrow—"

"I'll be in Louisville," said Joan sadly.

"But I'll be here," stated Marge. "Do you like spaghetti and meat balls?"

Joan chuckled. "Make enough for three," she said. "Claire will be back from Cincinnati to-morrow."

"Splendid," The captain nodded. "The more the merrier. And then I'll be back again from Chicago next Tuesday."

"So will I," said Joan. "From Atlanta."

And now it was Marge's turn. "And so will I, from St. Louis," she said gleefully.

Since it was the airline's policy to rotate its hostesses on its various scheduled runs, none of the three caught up with the captain on flight during the weeks that followed.

It seemed to be a matter of complete indifference to him whether he called on, or took out, one of them, or two, or the entire threesome. He was equally charming and gallant on all occasions, equally impartial, and equally remote. The atmosphere in the apartment grew tense. And one evening it exploded.

It was another of those rare evenings when all three of them were home. The captain had come to dinner—it was macaroni and cheese this time—and the four of them had played bridge until midnight. After 11, had gone Marge stretched out on the divan.

And finally she came out with it: "What do you say we match for it? The odd man stays here. The other two move out."

"Oh, I like it here," said Claire quietly. "I don't want to move out."

"Which of us can afford to take the rap for the whole rent?" asked Joan.

DETERMINEDLY, Marge said: "If it were me, it wouldn't be for long. All I'd ask would be about two weeks."

"I could land him in a week," Joan said.

"I'm on his flight to Chicago next Friday," said Claire contentedly. "There's a twenty-four-hour layover there. I always," she added, nodding her blond head, "operate better away from my home base. I plan a direct frontal attack. You two won't be anywhere around."

Marge and Joan exchanged anxious glances. "You'd better make it good!" Marge warned grimly. "My number's coming up. I'll be flying with him in a month or so. We'll ditch the co-pilot," she said. "I know just the right place for dancing. It's cosy, with soft lights and sweet music."

"I'll get last chance," said Joan glumly. "But if he's still a free man by then it'll be all over."

Friday evening came. Claire was in Chicago with the captain. Joan and Marge loafed in the apartment, turning the pages of magazines without reading. Joan looked at the clock on the mantel. "Ten o'clock," she observed. "Nine out there."

"She's probably got her hooks in him by now," said Marge bitterly. "I might as well turn in."

"What for?" Joan asked.

Claire returned from flight on Saturday evening. Marge was flying to Kansas City at the time, but Joan was waiting up. She eyed her room-mate shrewdly. "Nice trip?" she asked.

"Very nice," said Claire stiffly.

"Dinner and dance?"

Claire shook her head. "We went to a chop suey joint. The co-pilot came, too. The captain suggested it. Afterwards we saw a movie. A Western."

Please turn to page 45

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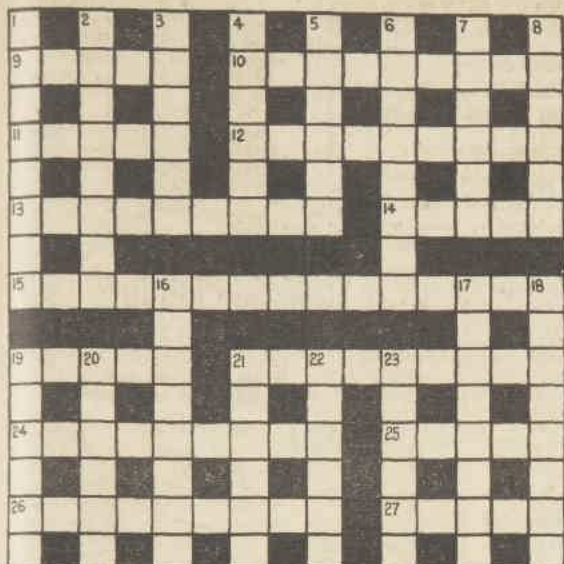
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Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Darkens mixed mongrels in decorations (8).
2. State in U.S.A. (8).
3. Churn a half horse, half donkey before tea (6).
4. Come out comes out of mere O.E. (6).
5. Supplement and also not in (3, 3).
6. Winding in company you are an object without aspiration (8).
7. Corrects sad men in order (8).
8. Fiery distortion of red ant (6).
9. Extend the Spaniard on a portal (8).
10. Unsuccessful (8).
11. Edith and Ogbert sit on Herbert George? (6).
12. Borders back thousand its ending (6).
13. See stream with fruit and nuts and Sue mixed (8).
14. A speaker or a rocky hill (6).
15. Opposite is in a snail (8).
16. Wage got by Sarah and disorderly Ray (6).

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

9. A sweeper whose end reverts Othello (5).
10. Mark Rome a changed order to succeed or be ruined (4, 2, 3).
11. Savage regret in hundred and fifty (5).
12. River of the U.S.A. with 1000 dollars in it (3, 6).
13. Concerning hot meant without a contradiction (8).
14. Met is altered to let in (5).
15. First verses in the King donkey is a traitor (5, 2, 3, 5).
16. A girl with nothing on can be used to catch a quadruped (5).
17. Rhinoceros of Iris used as a perfume (4, 4).
18. Interlarded initials for the Scotch man no king before the mornings (8).
19. Plant Chinese mule with a definite article (3).
20. Falls a disconnection with particles carrying electricity (9).
21. Turn a lever to make merry (5).

Solution to last week's crossword.



Three Little Girls Wore Blue

Continued from page 44

MARGE, next in line, had her chance about six weeks later. She spent four hours, before reporting at the field, in a beauty parlor. Her new garbaldine suit, that squared her shoulders and nipped tightly at the waist, was carefully packed in her bag.

She would change into it in her room at the hotel as soon as she arrived. She would take plenty of time and attain that subtle perfection which would be irresistible. The captain would phone her room and suggest dinner, and she would hint at the cosy little place that had the dim lights and sweet music.

Joan was alone in the apartment when Marge returned. She wasted no time on preliminaries. "Let's hear it," she demanded. "Have you got him all tied up in ribbons?"

Marge frowned. "It was a routine trip," she said vaguely.

"Did the co-pilot tag along?" asked Joan.

"We lost him," Marge said. "The captain and I went out alone."

"And so?"

"And so," said Marge, taking a deep breath, "it seems the captain has a maiden aunt living in Chicago. We went there for dinner and played cards afterwards. Everything was wonderful except the aunt is hard of hearing and you have to shout, and she doesn't serve anything stronger than tea, and I hate cards."

Joan gave a great sigh of relief and triumph. "That makes two of you scratched," she said. "I have the track to myself. I can walk in."

"If you can bridle him," Marge warned.

A few days after Christmas, Joan's turn came. She carried her new, fur-collared winter coat over her arm as she reported at the hangar. The captain, studying his weather charts, looked up and greeted her pleasantly.

"Weather's playing up a bit," he informed her.

"Will we make Chicago?" she asked anxiously.

"Probably make it," he nodded. "But will we get back?"

"Oh, I hope not!" said Joan fervently.

They made Chicago just in time. Half an hour after they landed the snow started.

Back in the apartment Claire and Marge listened to the radio's weather reports. The storm was rolling down from Canada. Air traffic was cancelled, railroad and street traffic was delayed all through the Middle West.

Claire snapped off the radio. "It's not fair!" she cried. "We only had twenty-four hours. She may be out there with him for three days."

"She'll be weathered in with him for a week if this keeps up," Marge said.

It kept up, and Claire and Marge felt certain that Joan was not wasting her time. On the third day of her absence a telegram came. It said: "Don't worry, darlings. Everything snug and cosy, and all expenses paid. See you in the spring."

Claire and Marge replied immediately. They wired: "Congratulations. It's an ill blizzard and so forth."

And finally, on the sixth day, the grounded planes became airborne again, and Marge left for Pittsburgh at ten in the morning to be back again at eight in the evening. Claire waited alone in the apartment.

Joan arrived at seven-thirty. She stood in the doorway, smiling, and tossed her uniform hat into a chair across the room. "Hello," she said cheerfully.

"Where is he?" asked Claire glumly. "Where's the captain?"

"I wouldn't know," Joan answered. "I came from the field in a taxi."

"You were just plain lucky," said Claire. "If it hadn't been for the storm—"

"I'm the luckiest girl alive," Joan agreed heartily. "If it hadn't been for the storm I might never have found out."

"Good heavens!" Claire cried. "Has he been married all the time?"

Joan shook her head serenely. "He's still very eligible," she said.

She sank into a chair and lighted a cigarette. At first, she said, the storm had seemed almost too good to be true. She had the captain to herself, and she had looked her best. She had turned on all she had, and there were men who'd been known to say she had plenty. The captain had remained charming, gay, casual—and remote.

"And then," Joan went on, letting cigarette smoke curl lazily from her rounded lips, "I began to wonder what was wrong. Three of us—and none of us half bad—hadn't got to first base. I began to suspect what it was."

"Insanity in his family!" breathed Claire. "A mother complex! Some psychiatric hang-over from the war!"

"Not quite. I suspected something else, so I made a test. I saw a girl in the hotel lobby who'd been a passenger on the trip out. I'd talked to her, and I knew all about her. Her father owns a couple of dozen oil wells in Texas. I happened to mention this to the captain before I introduced him to her." Joan chuckled quietly. "You should have seen him!" she said.

"He liked her?" Claire asked.

"He liked what I'd told him. His eyes lighted up, and he got all aquiver like a bird dog."

"And he went for her?"

Joan nodded. "He went for her, practically crawling on all fours," she said. "I sat back and watched. It was funny." She laughed quickly.

"The captain," she said, "is exactly what he accused us of being. He's a flying fortune hunter. He found himself a glamor job so he could grab some wealthy passenger and marry her."

Claire's eyes narrowed. "And I don't suppose you told him," she asked happily, "that you have a rich grandmother who wants to settle half a million on you as soon as you quit flying and marry and settle down?"

Joan's answer was equally happy. "It's a whole million, darling," she said. "No, I don't believe I mentioned that to our captain."

There was the sound of a key in the door. It opened and Marge, in her Alice-blue uniform, stood before them. She was beaming. "A new co-pilot drove me home from the field," she said. "Are you decent? He's coming up for a drink?"

"Is he for all of us?" asked Joan hopefully.

Marge smiled at the two of them. They smiled back at her. Then all three began to laugh, and it was warm, friendly laughter with a lot of understanding beneath it.

"Why not?" Marge replied. "We're room-mates, aren't we?"

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TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ The Heiress

WILLIAM WYLER'S production for Paramount, "The Heiress," is a polished piece of filmcraft that is remarkable for the penetrating character work of Sir Ralph Richardson and Olivia de Havilland.

In the hands of lesser artists, the film could have been a stylised Victorian piece about a domineering father and his inhibited daughter, for the screen play is a lengthy and mannered affair typical of that straitlaced era.

Instead, with beautiful understatement, the two stars give every possible nuance to each mood and situation.

Montgomery Clift is the third major character, caught up in the emotional conflict between the mellow man-of-the-world and his unworshipful daughter. The father's efforts to break up what he regards as a mercenary marriage are wasted, for in the end the suitor's greed defeats him, but it produces in the daughter an undying enmity towards her parent, and leaves her an embittered woman.

The role of the opportunist, Morris Townsend, is a difficult one for Clift, whom we remember for brilliant work in "The Search" and "Red River," but he manages to hold his own in this distinguished company, with a provocative reading of the character he plays.

Among the large supporting cast Miriam Hopkins is delightful as flattery, romantic Aunt Lavinia, a member of the doctor's household.

In Sydney—the Prince Edward.

★★ Under Capricorn

EDUCATED to expect action, suspense, and shock-tactics from director Alfred Hitchcock's thriller after the manner of "Notorious," "Spellbound," and "The Paradine Case," filmgoers will find an unfamiliar atmosphere in "Under Capricorn."

It bears little resemblance to anything he has done in the past, and is a commonplace triangle story concerning a high-born Irish lady who marries the family groom, and drowns her sorrows in drink.

Ingrid Bergman is the unhappy Lady Henrietta Flusky, Joseph Cotten plays her husband, Sam, and Michael Wilding as the Hon. Charles Adare completes the triangle.

As the key member of the cast, Ingrid Bergman is almost continuously in a lachrymose state, so only occasional flashes of dramatic fire break through, but when that does happen the passages are intense.

The supposed killing by Sam Flusky of his wife's brother, a deed actually committed by Miss Bergman, is the motive stressed as causing the wife's addiction to drink, and an unbelievable maid, Milly (Margaret Leighton), is another stumbling block to marital happiness.

The plot of this over-long story is set in Sydney in 1831.

In Sydney—the Century.

★ The First Gentleman

NOTABLE for the rich elegance of dressing and background, this Columbia film is a startling adaptation of Norman Ginsbury's stage play in which Robert Morley and Wendy Hiller appeared in the roles enacted on the screen by Cecil Parker and Joan Hopkins.

The film begins when George III, having lost his reason, is replaced as Regent by his son, afterwards George IV of England.

Historical records suggest that the

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average

self-styled "First Gentleman of Europe" was a blend of polished gentleman and smooth rogue, but by concentrating almost exclusively on his amours and comicalities he is filmed as a complete clown.

With Jean-Pierre Aumont playing European Prince Leopold, the Regent's daughter, Charlotte, shares a tragic little love story, but the rest of the goings-on make it difficult to care much about it one way or the other.

In Sydney—the Variety.

★ December Night

THIS film is a flimsy but charming French-made trifle about a famous pianist who is kidnapped one night by a beautiful woman with whom he falls violently in love.

Their plan to marry falls through, but twenty years later he sees in a young English piano pupil a reincarnation of his lost love, and succeeds in winning the girl from her far more suitable young man.

No longer a dashing young blade, Pierre Blanchard is charming as the famous maestro, and Renee St. Cyr, who doubles as Mme Spontaniini and Helen Morris, is fascinating.

In Sydney—the Savoy.

★ Calamity Jane and Sam Bass

AS Calamity Jane, Yvonne de Carlo is a glamorous but hardly convincing girl outlaw.

Falling for virile young Sam Bass (Howard Duff), who has a way with horses as well as women, is scarcely original, but it sets the scene for some nice equine sequences on track and trail, and the usual quota of hold-ups.

Otherwise the Universal film is rather humdrum Western fare in color, with Sam yearning over a prissy miss who wants him to return to the straight and narrow, and Calamity getting nowhere in his affections.

Lloyd Bridges, Houseley Stevenson, Clifton Young, and Milburn Stone side Sam Bass in his various exploits.

In Sydney—the Victory.

★ Roseanna McCoy

THIS R.K.O. film is the simple, primitive story of a romance between two members of famous feuding families—the Hatfields and McCoy's—and is set against magnificent mountain scenery.

Joan Evans, teenage protégée of Sam Goldwyn, whom Joan Crawford is sponsoring, is introduced as naive Roseanna. She has a mobile face and displays certain ingenuousness, but needs more experience in order to get her personality over.

The girl is swept off her feet by the tempestuous wooing of a young Hatfield, played by Farley Granger. Opposition clans line up with their shotguns as of old, but the young people solve their own difficulties.

A strong cast brings a sure, professional touch to their varied characterisations. Charles Bickford and Hope Emerson play the senior Hatfields, and Aline MacMahon and Raymond Massey the McCoy counterparts.

Richard Basehart is chilling as a trigger-happy Hatfield clansman, and Marshall Thompson and Little Peter Miles score for the McCoy's.

In Sydney—the Mayfair.



COVERING THE WOUND

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Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Use Home Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can use this simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. The ingredients can be made up at any chemist's at very little cost. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Orex Compound**. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. Apply the **Orex Compound** to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."



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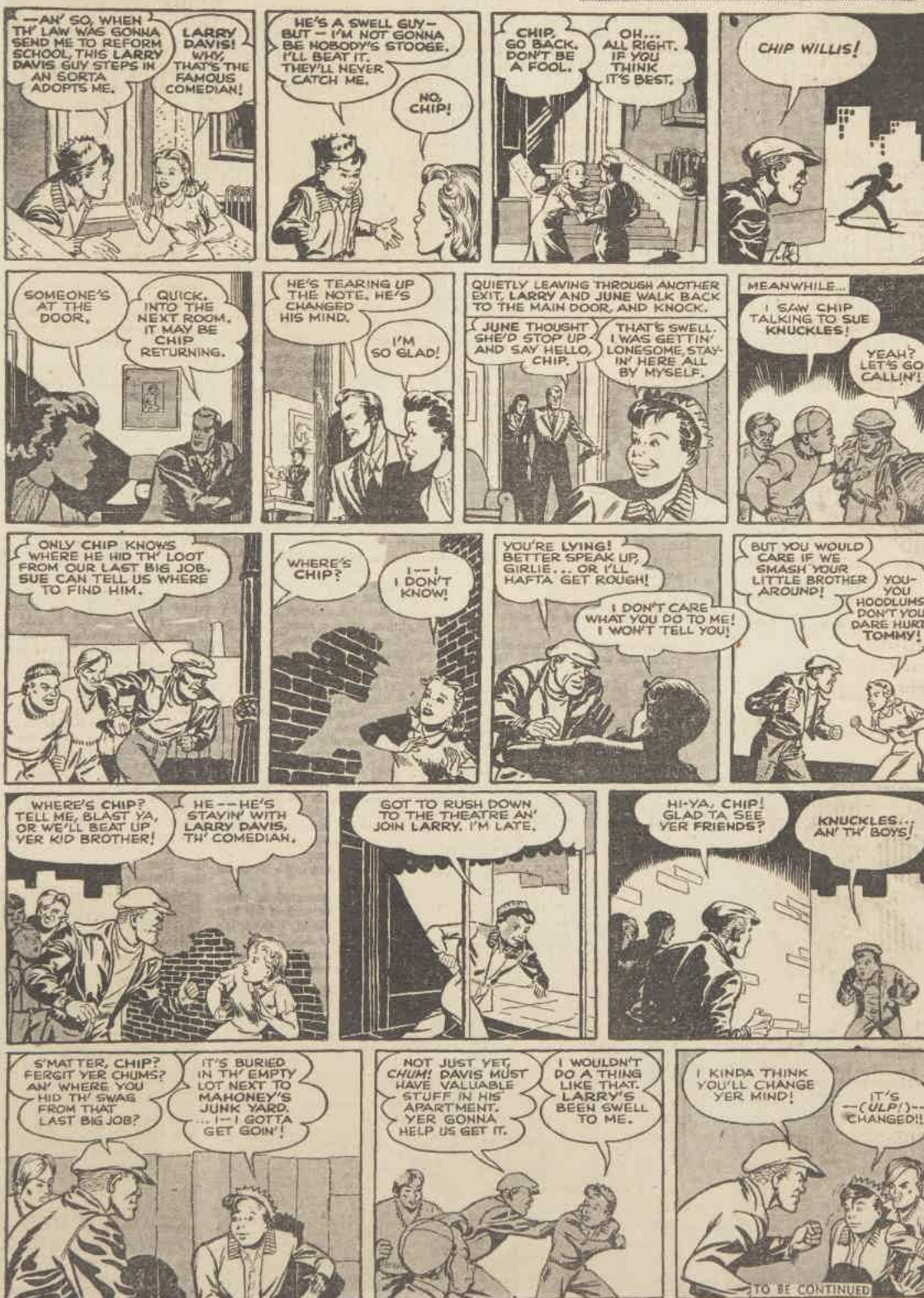
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Comedian LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to fight crime. He has offered to look after CHIP WILLIS, charged with theft, instead of allowing him to go to a reformatory. Chip enjoys working with Larry at the theatre, and going to a wrestling match. But despite this he runs away, as he doesn't like being a "prisoner." He goes to a playmate, Sue.



As I Read the STARS by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Expect some restrictions and unforeseen delays this week. Look to your health and try to avoid fatigue and strain. Don't let family worries depress you from March 17 to 21, which could be adverse days.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): Deal carefully with all friends and money situations this week, especially on March 17 and 19. Be warned against deception, and deal only with those whom you can trust.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): During March 15 and 16 your road is clear. Following this your career and vocational activities meet uncertain days. Be particularly tactful and understanding with others this week.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): A turbulent week for many, with a note of warning for March 17 and 19 onwards. Don't undertake too much, or try out new ventures. Adverse for law, writings, and contracts.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): A week that starts well, but deteriorates towards the week-end. Money interests are apt to collapse, or prove disappointing. Don't expect too much from others as you might be disillusioned.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Partners or loved ones could cause worry, or may not be as co-operative as usual. Don't let temperament cause misunderstandings or estrangements from March 17 to 21.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Not a good week for major change. Health conditions could hamper, or work and employees be unproductive. Stick to routine yet awhile.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): New enterprise or matters close to your heart could prove trying and disappointing from March 17. Avoid anything that has a risk to it. Your luck is out for the moment.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): A little domestic upheaval is in evidence this week. Avoid travel or rearrangement in home affairs, and be tactful with neighbors and relatives nearing the week-end.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Try to get all decisions and agreements settled before March 17. After this, tread lightly and be on your guard against deception. Deal carefully with others in both your business circle and private life.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Push ahead with all financial plans, and conclude by March 16. The rest of the week can buy all sorts of trouble and prove expensive and disappointing for many Aquarians.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): A difficult week to deal with partners or the public. Your most cherished plans are apt to be thwarted or delayed. Keep an eye on your health and nervous system, also.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.]

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By cable from
BILL STRUTTON in London

Leo Genn has been asking me a lot about Australia because his fan mail from there has jumped enormously since "The Snake Pit" in (which he starred with Olivia de Havilland) and "The Velvet Touch" have been shown.

Both Leo and his secretary take this fan mail seriously, and are finding out all they can about the country.

"POOR girl, she is quite snowed under," he told me last time I saw him. "Every now and then she pokes her head around the door and says brightly, 'Caught up on the fan mail!' Then after a couple of days she becomes the picture of misery, and I know that she's fighting a losing battle."

Writers of most of the letters I get merely say they saw me in such-and-such a film, that they liked it, and politely ask for a photograph. But every now and then you get a long one that takes an awful lot of answering.

Leo, slick-haired and well-groomed, took me to lunch in his dressing-room at Shepparton Studios. "It's better than down in the studio restaurant. We won't be interrupted. You can ask me all you like."

That's what he thought. The phone rang and he smiled at something the voice said. It was the studio telephonist.

"I'll get her for you, Mr. Genn," was what she said.

He grinned at me. "The telephonist knows that as soon as I come to my dressing-room for lunch I shall pick up the phone and ask for my wife. Now she often beats me to it."

Mrs. Leo Genn was formerly Margaret Bonnar, Ealing's casting director.

They had a long and technical conversation about scripts, and plans for plays, and agents, and a couple of family friends who had called.

Then he apologised and sat down. "Margaret knows the film business—and particularly film players—better than anybody I know. Her judgment is as fine as ever, although she has given up her career for home life."

The thing which everybody first notices about Leo Genn is his voice. The Americans, as usual, had a word for it. They called him "Velvet Voice."

The next thing you notice is that he has a personality to match the voice—suave, poised, measured, and, though quiet, very friendly.

He first started films by playing



LEO GENN, British actor whom Americans have christened "Velvet Voice," has a personality to match. Suave and poised, this busy actor is shortly going off to Rome to play the role of Petronius in "Quo Vadis," in which Gregory Peck also stars.

his real-life part—a barrister. Leo Genn studied law at Cambridge, and practised for three years at the Bar before deciding to become an actor, and getting a special dispensation from the Bar Council to combine the two professions.

Douglas Fairbanks, junior, had engaged him to write the legal scenes of "Jump For Glory." When they came to think about who should play the part of the barrister, Fairbanks and the casting director looked at Leo, then took another look, and said almost at the same moment, "Good Lord, why not you?"

"I fidgeted a bit," said Leo. "Then I said yes." That started it all.

During his leave periods in the war Leo Genn appeared in Olivier's technicolor "Henry V" as the Constable of France, and Hollywood, watching carefully the British players in prestige productions like this, singled him out.

By this time he had already gone to America to play in "Another Part of the Forest," but they wanted him badly enough to buy out his stage contract. He crossed the States to California to play opposite Rosalind Russell in "Mourning Becomes Electra."

When he had appeared in three Hollywood films he packed his bag and said calmly, "Well, I think it's time we went home now."

He is now starring at Shepparton in the film of the best-seller, "The

Wooden Horse," dealing with the famous prison-camp break from Stalag Luft III in Germany.

For this he had to go back to one of the places he had hoped never to visit again—the Belsen district of Germany.

"At the end of the war I was transferred from artillery to help in the war crimes investigations, which culminated in the Belsen trials, because of my legal experience. It was a sickening business. I swore I would never come within hundreds of miles of Belsen again," he said.

"But three years later I was right back in a neighboring village on location for the tunnel escape scenes of the film."

"I was as terrified as if I were really escaping from a prison camp."

No actor I can think of has a greater future than Leo Genn. The immediate outlook is bright—but very busy. Coincidentally with filming on "The Wooden Horse" he popped across to Elstree to make "The Miniver Story" with Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. And very shortly he goes off to Rome to play the plum role of Petronius in "Quo Vadis," which will also star Gregory Peck.



IN THIS SCENE from "The Wooden Horse," Peter (Leo Genn) is trying to get back into the hut after a successful foraging expedition to steal some wood from a half-built structure.



ERIC WILLIAMS, author of "The Wooden Horse," chats with Leo Genn, who plays the part in the film version. In real life Williams had these adventures during his escape from Stalag Luft III.

The blouse line



● Mad. Carpenter's loose, blousy topcoat, at left, is made with a stiffened stand-up collar and is firmly belted in to the waist. The sleeves and pockets are finished with wide cuffs.

● Christian Dior's porter jacket, at right, has a full bloused top with wide sleeves set into a round, dropped shoulderline. A full half-peplum is held by the belt and flared over the stomach.

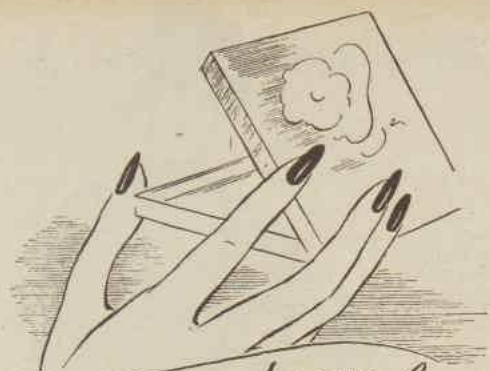
● Gres gives her short crepe dinner dress, below, the full bloused look by draping it beautifully into a very low V-back, tying at the waist to fall into fullness at the back of the skirt only. The front of the dress is quite straight.

● Madeleine Vromant makes the new, loose-topped dress, above, with bloused sleeves, and a wide belted waistline controlling the softly draped skirt fullness.

● Dior's belted, loose jacket, above right, has an uneven hemline and diagonal front closing. The collar is pulled up high and the skirt is cut on the slimmest possible lines.

● Jacques Griffe makes the graceful, fine wool dress, at right, with a yoked top and much fullness falling from yoke to waist. The hips are softly swathed and the skirt is tight, with a loose, full panel in the front.

Rene



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1 SEEKING mechanic's job, Billy Coy (Mickey Rooney) gets one in auto-racing garage of Red Stanley (Thomas Mitchell), when Stanley learns Billy is son of famous racing-driver "Cannonball" Coy.



2 EXCITED about chance to drive hoodoo midget car at the California Stadium, Billy is driven into fence by another competitor during the race. Furious fight develops, during which Happy (Steve Brodie) burns his hand, and Billy steps into his place.

AUTO RACING STORY



3 SUCCESS as Happy's racing partner causes Billy to give up mechanical side. Red and pretty Louise Riley (Mary Hatcher) are temporarily neglected.

THE BIG WHEEL

THIS United Artists race-track story opens in Carroll, California, "the little town with the big track," headquarters of Western Auto Racing.

It is basically the story of a young man trying to break into big-time driving. Beginning in midget cars, he succeeds and eventually graduates to big racers, competing for valuable trophies in events held on major speedways in California and through to the east.

Spills, thrills, and drama dog the career of the son of famous daredevil driver "Cannonball" Coy, and a youthful romance blossoms in the atmosphere of cheering crowds.



4 BEATEN by Vic Sullivan (Michael O'Shea) in argument over former's remarks about his father, Billy is held responsible for fatality to Happy.



5 BROKEN-HEARTED after his mother (Spring Byington) admits that allegations that his father, when drunk, killed another driver, are true, Billy still cannot promise her to give up the race game.



6 SAYING good-bye to Louise, Billy arranges to meet her in Indianapolis on Decoration Day, and heads east to other racing centres, labelled "killer" by his associates. Billy does well on smaller tracks, but through accident has to hitch-hike to meet girl.



7 KNOWING Billy needs special supercharger to drive Red's car in big race, Louise borrows one from her father to give him a chance, and later on has to clear Billy of stealing accusation. He makes good on a qualifying trial just before the six o'clock dead-line.



8 SUPERB driving brings Billy only third placing and he is sorely disappointed, but the race winner gallantly awards famous trophy to him as tribute to his skill and courage. The grandstand approves.

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Page 51



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AT THE LEADING STORES



AS A CRIPPLED GIRL, Jane Wyman is shown an entirely new world by a "gentleman caller," Kirk Douglas, in this interesting study in mood. The story is "The Glass Menagerie," adapted to the screen from the stage-play by brilliant young author, Tennessee Williams.

Jane Wyman may win honors in 'The Glass Menagerie'

By cable from
LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

Pert, 35-year-old actress Jane Wyman recently walked off a movie set and closed the heavy sound-stage door behind her. She had finished work in her latest picture, "The Glass Menagerie."

She had played the poignant role of a crippled girl living in a world of make-believe. Her portrayal was good—so good that one already hears it might be of 1950 Academy Award calibre.

JANE WYMAN is understandably delighted when she hears such remarks, but not over-excited. Only a year ago she was handed a golden Oscar for the best performance by an actress in 1948. Her memory of the applause still lives, but today another actress is the reigning Award winner.

Wyman knew that she had not the

remotest chance of receiving an Award in 1949. None of her three pictures made since Oscar-winning "Johnny Belinda," and none of her performances, were good enough to merit the coveted statuette.

Those three pictures are "Kiss in the Dark," "The Octopus and Miss Smith," and "Stage Fright."

None of them approaches her dramatic success of the past.

Indeed, they can scarcely rank with her first dramatic role in "Lost

Week-end," in which Ray Milland became famous for his performance as an alcoholic.

Wyman's role of a Bayou wife in "The Yearling," which followed, was another triumph.

"The Glass Menagerie," based on the play by brilliant young Tennessee Williams, was a smash-hit on Broadway, and has already been produced in major theatres in many countries of the world, including Australia.

Williams sold the screen rights to agent Charles Feldman for an undisclosed but reportedly immense sum of money, and Feldman has co-produced it at Warners studio.

Meanwhile, the play's value has by no means decreased. Williams' second major stage success, "A Streetcar Named Desire," has stimulated further public interest in his work.

But Jane Wyman's regard for her new role is not based on her knowledge that its success as a play makes it a valuable screen property. Nor does she prize it solely because it is what she calls a "meatier" role than its three predecessors.



A RECENT PORTRAIT of actress Jane Wyman, who was discovered as a radio singer, and was subsequently given roles in twelve films as a life-of-the-party type. Dramatic success came much later.



JANE WYMAN in the role of Belinda, the pathetic deaf and dumb girl of "Johnny Belinda."



ON THE SET of Alfred Hitchcock's "Stage Fright," filmed in England last year, Michael Wilding (left), Jane Wyman, and the director confer on a technical point in the film.

"Call it superstition if you will," she says, "but my award for 'Johnny Belinda' came from playing a girl with physical infirmities. My role in 'The Glass Menagerie' gave me a similar opportunity."

She plays Laura, a girl withdrawn from reality, living in a world of imagination. Her only interests are in her "Glass Menagerie," a small collection of glass animals that she almost worships, and in the music that comes from her phonograph.

Laura lives with her mother, a former Southern belle named Amanda Winfield, and her brother Tom, a cynical young man who works in a factory and hates his mode of existence in a drab tenement house apartment.

Amanda is a domineering woman who is determined that her children shall achieve success and independence. She puts her daughter in a school to learn typing and business procedure, but the turmoil and noise of the office, the chattering of the pupils, the rattle of machines are too much for the pathetic girl.

Her mother then decides that she would be a success at marriage, if not in business, so by pre-arrangement a friend of Tom's at the factory where he works is brought to the apartment.

He is Jim, the gentleman caller, who feels a compassion for this strange girl. He flatters her, tries to probe her mind, and even aids her in overcoming her handicaps so that she may dance.

Remembering him as a childhood idol, Laura falls in love. She confides her dreams to him, and listens to his fascinating stories.

Laura's hopes are dissolved when Jim confesses that he is already engaged. On this note of tragedy the original play ends.

But, typical of Hollywood, a sacrifice is made to the theatre patron, as Laura gains confidence from her experience and is cured of her introspection and shyness. Ironically, the Hollywood that thus re-wrote Williams' play is the same one that four years ago hired him as a writer, then almost immediately

IN Hollywood they are saying that if Jane Wyman has found a 1950 Academy Award vehicle in "The Glass Menagerie" she will have broken the cycle of insignificant roles that is said usually to follow an Award win. Jane, who won Academy honors for 1948, is convinced that her position as a dramatic actress has been strengthened by her portrayal of Laura, the girl who lives in a world of dreams.

fired him because he "couldn't write."

The role of the "gentleman caller" in the film is played by Kirk Douglas. Arthur Kennedy is her brother, Tom, and Britain's Gertrude Lawrence is the mother, Amanda Winfield.

To make her portrayal convincing in this field of experts, Jane Wyman says she utilised certain attitudes and techniques developed when she starred in "Johnny Belinda."

"One must get oneself in a definite frame of mind to play a handicapped girl," she told me not so long ago.

"For example, I projected myself so long and so hard that I began to feel I actually was a crippled girl."

"Acting is not enough. One must know the pain of a twisted foot, or the unhappiness of a deaf person who lacks contact with the world."

In "Johnny Belinda," Wyman stuffed cotton-wool in her ears to prevent her hearing so that she could portray the deaf girl with greater realism.

When called in for "The Glass Menagerie" she was informed that she would be required to wear the orthopedic jackets worn by many handicapped persons. The jackets would be a tiresome business, twisting her body out of shape for hours on end.

Yet she was so anxious for the part that she said: "For a part like this I would wear a girdle with tacks in it!"

Indeed, in making the film, she also wore a contorted shoe that forced her to limp painfully.

By one of those twists of fate peculiar to Hollywood, Jane Wyman's work with Gertrude Lawrence in "The Glass Menagerie" brought a proposal that might be the greatest test of her versatility.

The distinguished British actress is negotiating with Warners to offer Wyman the lead in the screen adaptation of the Lawrence autobiography, "A Star Danced."

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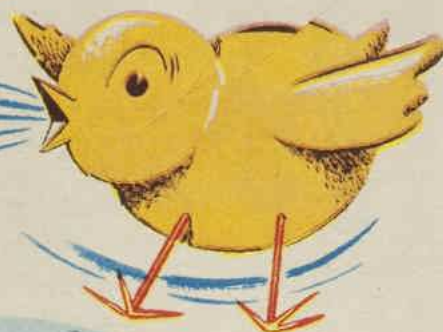
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IN THIS SCENE from "The Glass Menagerie," Kirk Douglas teaches the girl with the twisted foot to dance. For Jane Wyman the film is her first important screen role in over a year.

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BROWNIE REFLEX. Reflex viewfinder shows picture in actual size; time and instantaneous shutter; modern push-button release; 12 exp. $1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ ins. Price, £3/4/9.

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SIX-20 KODAK "A." Anastar f/4.5 lens focusing from 3ft. to infinity; Epsilon shutter with four speeds to 1/150th sec.; time and "bulb"; 8 exp. $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ ins. Price, £18/8/6. Others at £11/4/-, £20/10/-.

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ENSIGN AUTORANGE. Ensar f/4.5 lens; Epsilon shutter 1 sec. to 1/150 sec.; double vision coupled rangefinder; 12 ($2\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$) exp. or 16 ($2\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$) exp. on V120 film. Automatic film counter adj. to both picture sizes. Body shutter release; depth of focus scale; all metal with satin chrome fittings. Price, £32/10/-.

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By CAROLYN EARLE,
Our Beauty Expert



For all-day make-up

● When a professional cosmetician was asked recently to itemise the fundamentals of a smooth, all-day make-up, he gave these eight points: Cleansing, foundation, rouge, powder, removal of powder, eyebrow pencil, mascara, lip rouge.

Of these, by far the most important to a clean, long-lasting make-up are the first two," he added.

"There are women who have never made use of foundation cream," he said, "and there is nothing wrong with that, if they use no make-up, but it is quite wrong for women to depend on the natural oily secretion of the skin, or on cleansing cream, as an adherent for cosmetics."

The lady with the oily skin no doubt believes she doesn't need foundation cream. But she does, and a caked appearance around the nostrils and at the corners of the mouth is due to the oily secretion of the skin mixing with powder.

The first dusting of powder over foundation preparation determines the true value and even distribution of color over the whole face, as well as its stay-put quality.

Perhaps nobody is as conscious of the necessity for lasting make-up as the business girl or woman who has not a great deal of time for facial repairs or for pecking into compacts.

So let's see how neatly the problem can be solved, assuming you are starting from scratch by removing stale make-up, then applying foundation, rouge, and face-powder.

Even if you favor soap and water exclusively, use some cleansing cream first with a gentle upward, outward, circular movement. Remove with tissue, if available, then use warm water and a good, mild soap to remove all cream traces.

Failure to do this means that natural excretion and body heat will dissolve the cream and give the skin a greasy, oily look. Then, if the skin is oily, use a skin freshener.

If you prefer cleansing cream exclusively, don't stop at one application. Repeat and remove with tissue, until no signs of make-up cling to it and the skin is really clean.

The foundation for new make-up is used sparingly, applied with the fingertips, and blended out in a circular movement evenly over the entire face and neck. Patting it well into the lines and crevices of the face provides gentle concealment.

If foundation cream does not spread easily and smoothly, dip the fingertips in water and scatter a few drops over the skin and pat lightly to ensure even distribution.

Moist rouge comes next in line, and is finger-printed directly over foundation cream, then blended

Foundation

Rouge

Powder

lightly and carefully with the fingertips over the area prescribed for the particular type of face.

Moist or cream rouge is used to create contours and illusion; dry color is most effective after you have powdered thoroughly and in case you need more color.

Now the skin is ready for its powder. In other words, as mentioned earlier, powdering is step number four, and not number one.

Use powder liberally, patting it on firmly but gently with a fluff of cottonwool or puff.

Notice how the puff is held by the model and do the same, because it limits the likelihood of rubbing powder into the skin, which is quite a different matter from dabbing it on the face.

Powder round the eyes first, nose last to prevent it becoming a highlight.

Never use face-powder that is darker than your foundation. Lighter powder is permissible, though it is preferable to match them.

Now flick off excess powder from the face, and remove stray flecks from eyebrows and lashes.

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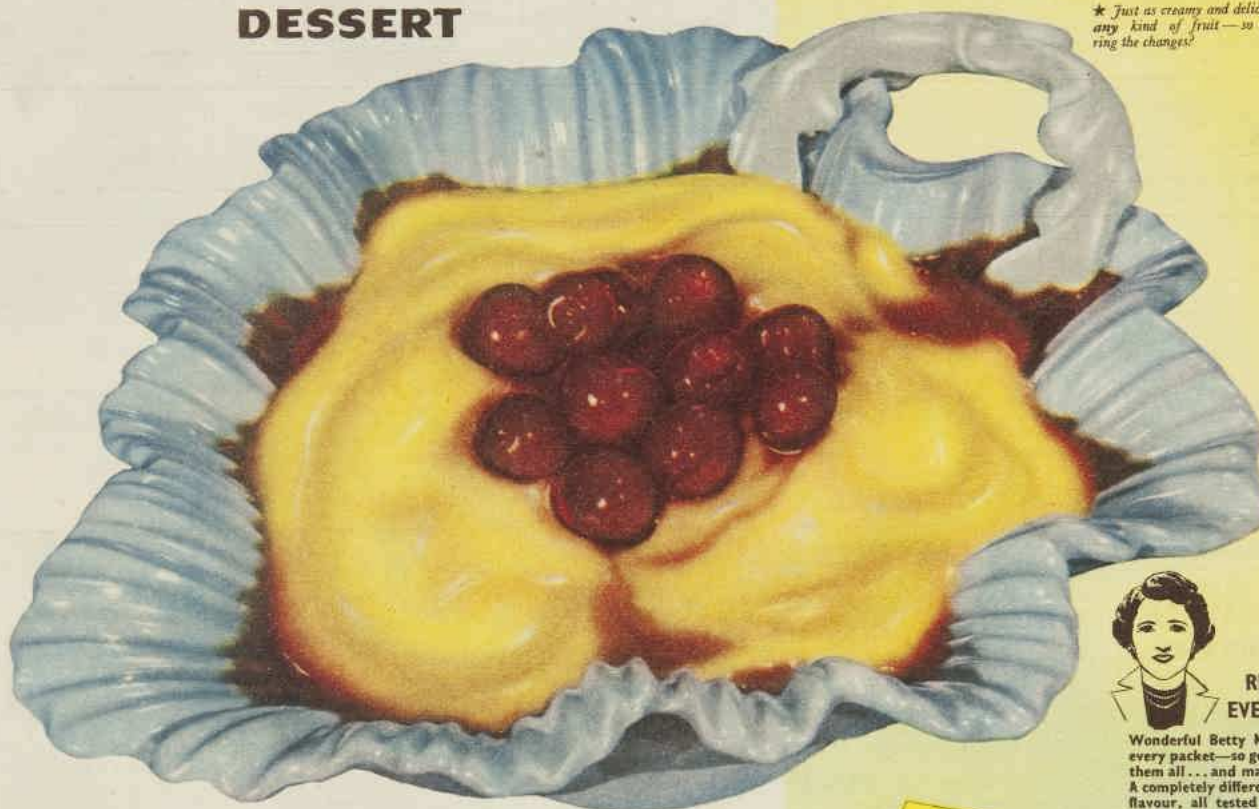
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Pretty as a posy in cherry-picking time — and every bit as luscious as it looks!

1 packet Vanilla Mello, 1 pint milk, cherries, (stewed, bottled or tinned)

Prepare Vanilla Mello as directed on the packet. Crown its melting golden goodness with a rosy gift of cherries.* Chill and serve with pride in your favourite serving dish. 4 ample helpings.

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VANILLA

Velvet-smooth delight! Pile it on to peaches, apples, passionfruit or plums. Serve it with a sparkling jelly crown. Team with wafers, cookies, little cakes.





MINUS Meat



By Our Food and Cookery Experts

NO one will mind the absence of meat when these attractive, hearty, and health-giving dishes are served as the main course of the family dinner.

Protein is the most valuable component of meat, so when a meatless main dish is served it is wise to include in it some ingredient with a high protein content such as fish, eggs, cheese, milk, peas, or dried beans.

Dark green leafy vegetables and wholemeal cereals should also be included in meatless menus whenever possible, because they are vitamin B foods and meat is one source of vitamin B1.

All spoon measurements in the following recipes refer to level spoons.

STUFFED CABBAGE WITH EGG-FILLED TOMATOES

One medium-sized cabbage, 2 to 3 cups diced cooked vegetables (peas, diced carrots, chopped celery, etc.), 2 cups medium thickness white sauce, scant $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, pepper and salt, parsley to garnish.

Wash cabbage well, remove bruised or torn outer leaves. With a small, sharp-pointed knife cut a circular section out of the centre, sufficiently large to hold the creamed vegetables, which are added later. Sprinkle lightly with salt, place in large saucepan with water about 1½ in. deep. Cover closely and cook gently until cabbage is tender, or pressure cook approximately 5 to 7 minutes according to size of cabbage. Drain well, fill centre cavity with vegetables, sauce, cheese, pepper and salt, thoroughly mixed together and reheated. Garnish with parsley and serve hot with egg-filled tomatoes.

Egg-filled Tomatoes: Four or 5 medium-sized firm tomatoes, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 2 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, salt, pepper.

Wash and dry tomatoes. Cut a slice from top of each and scoop out about one dessertspoonful of the pulp. Dust cases lightly with salt and pepper. Place on greased tray and bake in moderate oven until barely soft. Melt butter, add beaten egg and milk, salt and pepper. Stir until thickened. Fold in breadcrumbs, fill into tomato cases, and serve with stuffed cabbage.

MACARONI CHEESE CROQUETTES

Two cups well-cooked and drained macaroni, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 beaten egg, a little milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, browned crumbs for covering, fat for frying.

Combine macaroni, onion, parsley, sauce, nearly all the beaten egg, and all the cheese. Take a tablespoon at a time and shape into croquettes. Mix balance of egg with milk; brush over croquettes; coat with browned crumbs and deep-fry golden brown in frying fat. Drain on kitchen paper and serve hot with vegetables and grilled or baked tomato halves.

HARICOT BEAN BALLS WITH SALAD

Two cups cooked sieved haricot beans, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped bacon (lightly fried or grilled), 1 tablespoon tomato sauce or puree, pepper and salt to taste,

HARICOT BEAN RISSOLES served with salad ingredients, creamed fish and spinach casserole, and stuffed cabbage served with egg-filled tomatoes are three satisfying main dishes for meatless days. The bean risssoles may be served as illustrated or piping hot with vegetables and a good browned onion sauce.

1 egg, small quantity milk, browned crumbs for covering, fat for frying. Salad accessories: Pineapple, tomato, and cucumber slices, lettuce, curled celery, cream cheese balls.

Combine sieved haricot beans, onion, parsley, breadcrumbs, bacon, sauce, pepper, and salt to taste. Bind with beaten egg, reserving a small quantity of egg if possible. Shape a small quantity at a time into small balls, dip in balance of egg mixed with milk. Coat with browned crumbs, deep-fry golden brown, drain well on kitchen paper. Serve cold arranged on salad platter with sliced pineapple, cucumber, and tomato, lettuce, curled celery, and cream cheese balls.

CREAMED FISH AND SPINACH CASSEROLE

Three cups cooked spinach (flavored with a hint of lemon juice and nutmeg), 2 tablespoons margarine or butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 2 to 3 cups flaked cooked fish, 1 tablespoon diced parboiled red pepper, squeeze of lemon juice, 2 or 3 chopped hard-boiled eggs (may be omitted).

Drain cooked spinach thoroughly and shred finely. Use nearly all the spinach to make a thick layer on bottom of greased ovenware dish. Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Season to taste with salt and cayenne pepper. Fold in

flaked cooked fish and diced red pepper, then sharpen to taste with lemon juice. Add eggs if used. Fill into dish on top of spinach, use balance of spinach to make a border or to garnish as desired. Reheat in moderate oven and serve piping hot with green peas and diced carrots (cooked together) and potatoes.

CHEESE AND VEGETABLE PASTIES

One cup wholemeal self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup good shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 1 egg, small quantity milk, 2 cups diced cooked vegetable (potato, carrot, parsnip, swede, celery, peas, etc.), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup thick white sauce or thick brown gravy, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper and salt.

Mix wholemeal self-raising flour with sifted plain flour and salt. Rub in shortening, add cheese. Mix to a firm dough with beaten egg and a small quantity of milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll to thin sheet. Cut into circles about 4 in. in diameter. Combine vegetables, sauce or gravy, and parsley; season with salt and pepper. Place a spoonful of vegetable mixture on each pastry round, moisten half the edge of the pastry, fold over and pinch edges together. Mould lightly to crescent shape. Brush with milk, place on greased oven tray. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes. Serve piping hot.



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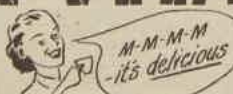


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WALNUT COFFEE CAKE, pictured above, has a delicious filling and topping flavored with coconut, walnuts, and cinnamon. Both filling and topping actually cook with the cake mixture, but a further sprinkling of coconut may be added to top before cutting. (See prize recipe below.)

Reader wins £5 prize for Walnut Coffee Cake

A MOIST, rich filling and topping, flavored with cinnamon, walnuts, and coconut, adds interest to the walnut coffee cake which wins this week's main prize of £5.

The quantity of filling allowed makes a generous layer for the middle of the cake and a good thick topping.

For a more economical cake double the ingredients for the cake mixture and cook in an 8in. or 9in. tin; use the same quantity of filling to make a thin layer in middle and on top of cake.

Two interesting meat dishes, using rabbit and liver, win consolation prizes of £1 each.

WALNUT COFFEE CAKE

Two tablespoons margarine or butter, 1-3rd cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, small pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Filling and Topping: Half cup brown sugar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 2 tablespoons melted margarine or butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and vanilla. Add egg-yolk, mix well. Sift flour and salt three times, fold into creamed mixture alternately with milk. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Spread half mixture over base of 7in. cake-tin which has been greased and lined with greased paper. Combine filling ingredients, mixing all well together; spread half over cake mixture in tin. Carefully add balance of cake mixture and top with remaining filling. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 45 to 50 minutes. Allow to stand 5 minutes in tin after removing from oven, then turn carefully on to cake-cooler. When cold, top with light sprinkling of coconut.

First Prize of £5 to Miss W. Eichler, 30 Lamette St., Chatswood, N.S.W.

LIVER AND MUSHROOM PIE WITH POTATO PASTRY

Four rashers streaky bacon, 1 tablespoon melted fat, 1 lamb's liver, 8 medium-sized mushrooms (may be omitted), 1 tablespoon flour, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon meat or vegetable extract, 1 cup stock or water, pinch thyme, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Pastry: One pound well-cooked potatoes, 1 tablespoon hot milk, 1oz. margarine or butter, 4oz. flour, salt and cayenne pepper.

Remove rind from bacon, chop roughly. Soak liver half hour in warm salted water. Drain, remove skin, cut into slices, dry. Fry lightly in hot fat, turning to brown evenly. Add peeled and chopped mush-

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rooms, cook further 2 to 3 minutes. Place bacon in bottom of greased pie-dish, arrange liver slices and mushrooms on top. Add flour to remaining fat in pan, stir until smooth, cook 1 minute. Add pepper and salt to taste, meat or vegetable extract, and stock or water. Stir until gravy boils and thickens, add thyme and parsley, pour over liver in pie-dish.

Pastry: Drain potatoes, mash well, beat in milk and margarine or butter. Sift flour with pinch pepper and salt and beat into mashed potato. Knead lightly on floured board, roll out to fit top of pie-dish. Glaze edge of dish with milk, cover top with pastry, and trim edges. Make a slit in centre of pastry, brush top lightly with milk. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric, cook further 25 to 30 minutes. Garnish with parsley and serve piping hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss D. Shailer, 19 Plumer Rd., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

RABBIT ROYAL

One rabbit, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seasoned flour, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons seeded raisins, 1 tablespoon blanched and chopped almonds, 1 large cooking pear (peeled, cored, and diced), grated rind and juice of 1 orange, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon vinegar, salt and pepper to taste, 1 sheep's kidney (washed, soaked $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, and skinned), 1 rasher fat bacon (rind removed), 3 medium-sized potatoes, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ pints stock or water.

Soak rabbit $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in salted water, drain, joint, and dry. Coat joints with seasoned flour. Combine onion, raisins, almonds, pear, rind and juice of orange, sugar, vinegar, salt and pepper, place in greased casserole. Arrange rabbit joints on top and sprinkle with balance of flour. Chop kidney and bacon and sprinkle over rabbit. Top with thin slices of peeled potato, then margarine or butter cut into small pieces. Add stock or water to casserole, cover, and cook in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours. Remove lid, continue cooking until potatoes are lightly browned. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Coleman, Goomeri, Kingaroy Lane, Qld.

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P 50.1



DID YOU **NUGGET** YOUR SHOES THIS MORNING?

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TRAILING window-garden plants flourish on a balcony under "chemiculture," and are very healthy. Below, a grapevine laden with fruit.



A garden without soil

THE three photographs and two diagrams on these pages illustrate how Mr. C. F. Laessle, of 32 Phoenix Street, Lane Cove, N.S.W., grows plants in pots and tanks without soil.

The soil in his garden consists of shale, rock, and heavy clay, and in his opinion is useless, compelling him to grow everything in chemical nutrients, which he calls "chemiculture." Two forms of chemicals are used, which he has named Flora "A" and Flora "B."

He sows his seed in pots of sand with a handful of woodwool beneath to draw the chemical-laden moisture from troughs below. When big enough to move each plant is potted up with some woodwool wrapped round the roots. The top half of the pot is then filled with coarse wet sand.

The pots rest in trays, which allow them to touch the water and chemical in the trough below, and in a few days the roots reach down and grow rapidly. The pots are placed in rows at certain levels and water is reticulated to them through pipes served by small tanks. Each pot receives a teaspoonful of "A" or "B" nutrient during alternate weeks.

Mr. Laessle has about 100 different flowering plants, shrubs, trees, and vegetables growing under this system, which is a modified form of soil-less gardening, or hydroponics. In addition to grapevines, loganberries, and citrus trees, he also grows strawberries very successfully by this method, and has made about 50 additional 5-hole strawberry pots.

Roses have flourished particularly well, and his window garden on an upstairs balcony was a picture of healthy and vigorous plants.

He considers that it costs him from 4d. to 1d. per plant per month to grow plants by this system, but is secretive about the components of his chemicals—which he devised himself. The two forms, Flora "A" and "B," however, he said, contain at least a dozen trace elements, and he is hopeful of improving on the system as time goes on.

He says that the chemicals he uses improve both the texture and the flavor of the vegetables he grows. They contain all the vitamins of soil-grown vegetables, but have a full range of mineral content.

He receives much assistance from his Swedish wife in the potting up of plants. "Mrs. Laessle has green thumbs and everything she pots up grows like wildfire," he added. — Our Home Gardener.

Migrants show skill in national arts and crafts

IN migrants' camps throughout Australia, new Australians are encouraged to pursue their national arts and crafts.

They bring generations of hereditary skill to their work.

The articles shown on these pages (with the exception of the glass) were made at migrant camps.

The glass was made in Czechoslovakia, but migrants from that

country are planning to make their famous glassware in Australia.

The buttons made from walnut shells and plum and cherry stones—in the manner made fashionable by Christian Dior—were carved with a sharp knife.

Migrants work on the articles during their spare time while they are in camps, buying their own materials.



THESE DOLLS made by Polish migrants are about nine inches high and are made on a wire frame over which stockings padded with waste are sewn. Faces are painted on the stocking material, and dolls are dressed in costumes of the Cracow highlands and the district of Lovicz. A young Hungarian made the buttons and necklaces pictured at right from plum and cherry stones and the kernels and shells of walnuts.





Modern living-room

LEFT: This view of an attractive living-room in a recently constructed home in California, U.S.A., will interest all prospective builders. Novel arctic glass slabs rising to the ceiling from a timbered base and a removable partition screen the room from the glass entrance doors. Windows above bookshelves supply extra daylight to the room, and link up with floor-to-ceiling windows and a glass door leading to the garden.

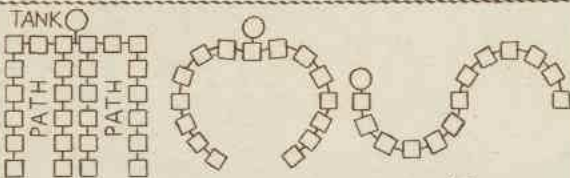
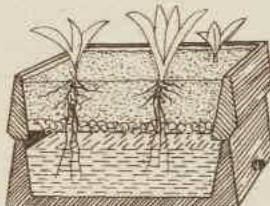


DIAGRAM ABOVE shows how Mr. Laessle's nutrient tanks are linked up with pipes. Right (top), two other systems of linking tanks. The circles indicate the water-tanks.

(RIGHT) Diagram shows how the seedling plants are bedded in sand, with a lower layer of woodwool to absorb the nutrients.



(LEFT) Showing a Michaelmas daisy taken from the pot — note vigorous roots.

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ALTHOUGH they were not made here, these Czechoslovakian glasses are an indication of the exquisite glassware we can expect from Czechoslovakian migrants. The beer mugs or steins pictured at right are made of pine wood and decorated in traditional designs in poker-work. The migrants who made them say they are used for strong beer, which is watered down to a pleasant, non-intoxicating drink.



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